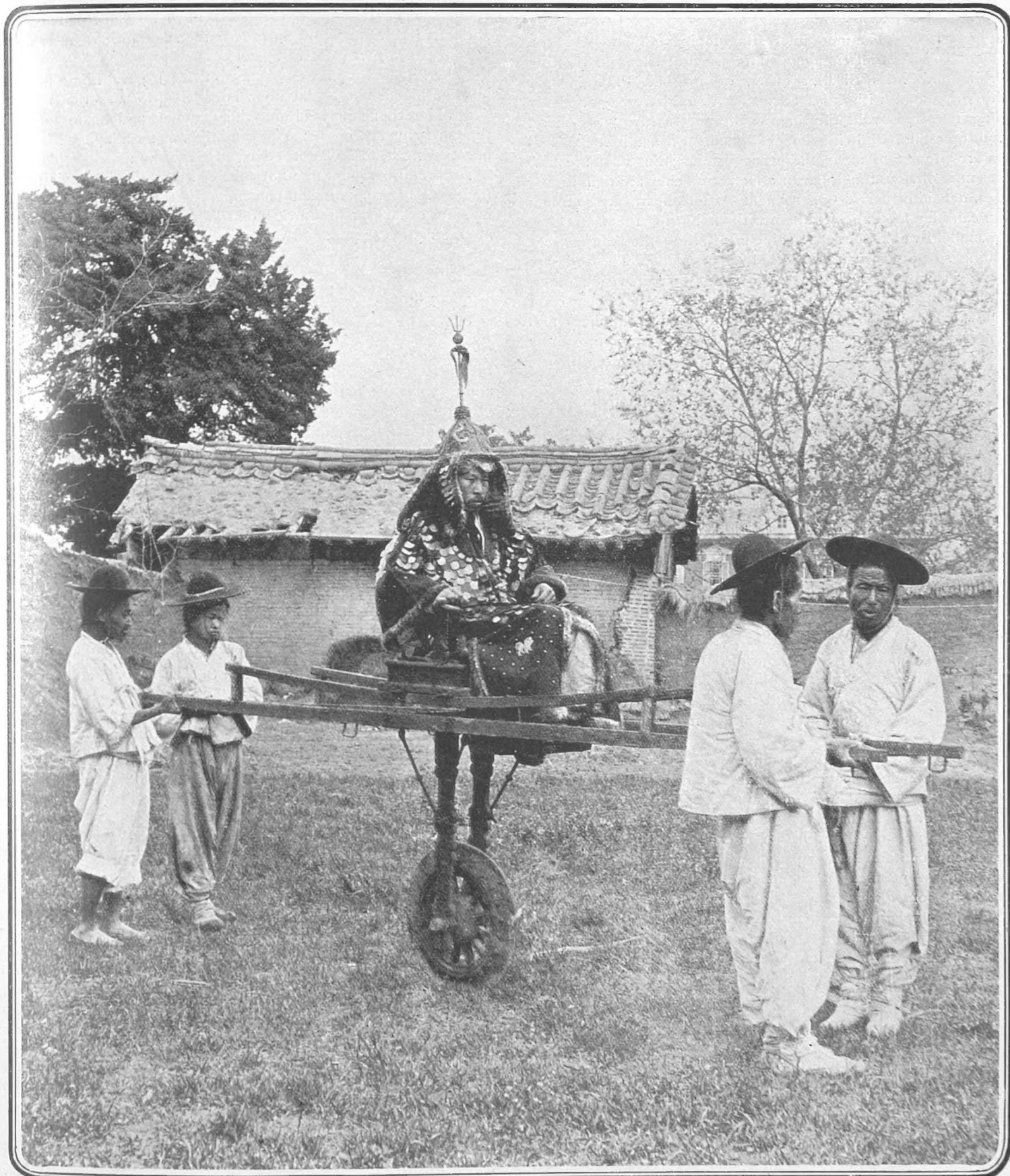


The Sketch

No. 979.—Vol. LXXVI.

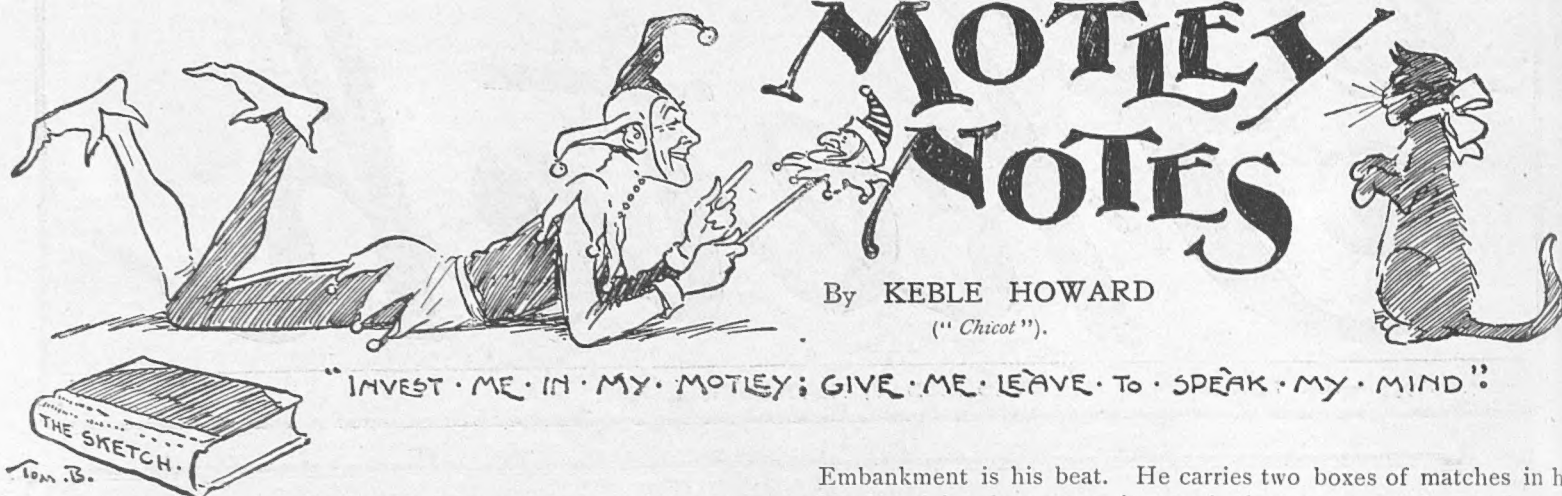
WEDNESDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1911.

SIXPENCE.



COME WHEEL COME WOE? A KOREAN ARISTOCRAT GOING ON A CEREMONIAL VISIT BY "MONOCYCLE."

The modern inventions of the West are generally found to have been anticipated in the ancient civilisations of the East. We flattered ourselves, for instance, that the monorail was quite the latest thing in vehicular progression. Now it turns out that the usual method of locomotion adopted by the Upper Ten in Korea, when paying visits of ceremony, is a kind of "monocycle," which might be described, paradoxically, as a rail-less monorail. It is true that the gyroscope is absent from this Oriental Mr. Brennan's carriage, but that, of course, makes the preservation of his equilibrium all the more astounding!—[*Photograph by Underwood and Underwood.*]



Trial Engagements. The most interesting topic of the week is the trial engagement between Mr. Harold Sterling Vanderbilt and Miss Eleanor Sears, of Boston. The idea, I presume, originated with Miss Sears. It would have been scarcely becoming in Mr. Harold Sterling Vanderbilt to say, "See here. Let's put up a bluff of being engaged, and see what it feels like." Women are allowed to make these suggestions; but men are not. The reason is obvious: men have no feelings. They are dull, witless creatures, devoid of nerves or sentiment. Men's hearts are so tough that you can play football with them without hurting them.

Personally, I would sooner remain single all my life than consent to anything so preposterous as a trial engagement. The ordinary engagement is silly enough. If people want to marry each other, they want to marry each other. They must know. They can't help knowing. Why in the world, then, all this preliminary fuss and hanging about? All this being introduced to and approved by relations? What in the name of *Nature* has it got to do with the relations? My advice to any young man is this: When you see the girl you really want, cut all the preliminaries. Go up to her, tuck her under your arm, carry her off, and MARRY her. Let Jane, Aunt Agnes, and Uncle Willie do as much talking as they like afterwards. Women, if they only knew it, want to be married that way. There's no doubt about it.

"Observers." I read with interest that the proprietors of taxicabs have solved the difficulty of persuading the drivers to hand over the "extras." A number of men are to be employed to watch the drivers, count the number of people in each cab, and the amount of luggage on the footboard. This is an excellent idea, though one regrets that it should be necessary. It should add considerably to the humour of the London streets. The streets have been getting duller and duller with the gradual vanishing of the old-fashioned cabby and the old-fashioned 'bus-driver, but the "observer" should give even the nerry taxicab-driver a chance.

The first joke will probably arrange itself round the question of seeing "double." A slightly jovial "observer" would make a wonderful haul of defaulters on Saturday nights, for instance. Every cab, for him, will have two passengers in it, some will have four, others six, and others eight. You can reckon it out for yourselves. A cab containing four people will become two cabs, each containing eight people. What can the luckless driver say? He can prove, of course, that he was not driving two cabs, but it will be difficult to explain that there were two people in his cab and not four. I fear there will be some terrible scenes in the yard. I expect we shall hear that each "observer" is to be accompanied by two detectives. The pavements will soon be blocked with people counting passengers in motor-cabs.

The Whine of the Streets.

I am glad to learn that something definite has been arranged with regard to the homeless people of London. To pass through crowds of homeless men and women, night after night, as I have done for eleven years, is a heartrending business. The curious point about these really destitute creatures is that they never beg. Although my rooms in town are close to Charing Cross, I have never once been asked for a single copper after one in the morning.

It is the daylight beggars who put up this pitiful whine. One old man I have known for years, though he never seems to recognise me. Perhaps success has made him careless. The

Embankment is his beat. He carries two boxes of matches in his hand, and he always says, in exactly the same tone of utter despair, "You can 'ave *two* fer a 'apeny!"

The first time he accosted me I fell. I gave him a penny and left him his matches. An hour later I had to pass that way again. The old man again held out the matches, and again he said, as though at his last gasp, "You can 'ave *two* fer a 'apeny!" He has been saying it, to my knowledge, for eleven years.

I have also seen these "regulars" supplied with their stock-in-trade. A brisk young man comes along, replenishes their supply of matches or laces, and hurries off. These professional "whiners" are merely his agents, and very good agents they make.

The Dullness of Regularity.

I have just been reading, in one of my daily papers, a long article all about an author who mapped out a programme of his work twenty years ago, and has stuck to it. The writer of the article applauds this pertinacity. It is quite right, of course, to applaud industry and pertinacity; but these things are just a matter of temperament.

For the life of me, I cannot do anything regularly. The only thing I do regularly is the very thing that I am doing now. I do it regularly because it has to be done regularly; but that very regularity creates wild havoc in my little home. This morning, for example, the sun was shining brilliantly after the heavy storms of the last few days. The air was fresh and keen. Nature was saying as eloquently as she could—and she can be extraordinarily persuasive when she likes—"Get out into the open air. Do your work later. Come out! Come out!"

Well, I yielded. I ought to have seated myself at my desk immediately after breakfast and begun my "Motley Notes." I didn't do it. I dashed in and got to work just as luncheon was ready. Lunch is now quite cold. I suppose I shall have it at four o'clock. That will put dinner back to nine o'clock, and I shall get to bed about three.

That is my method. If I am methodical in nothing else, I am methodical in being unmethodical. The work is always on time, no matter how cook suffers.

Away with Programmes.

Never make a programme of your life, friend the reader. If you do make one, don't keep to it. Life is a gamble, and was intended to be treated as a gamble. If your business or profession necessitates regular hours, be as irregular as you can outside those hours.

This applies especially to amusement. Never say: "We will dine out on the last Saturday in each month and go to the theatre afterwards." There is no pleasure in dining out and going to the theatre if you know that you are going to dine and go to the theatre. This is the way to do it.

Get home at the usual hour and take off your boots. Settle down in your easy-chair with the evening paper. The house is quiet and orderly; dinner is being cooked; everything is going like clockwork. Good.

At ten minutes to seven be seized by the impulse to dine out and go to the theatre. Spring from your chair and say to your wife—

"Hurry up and dress! I'm going to take you out to dinner and a theatre."

"Impossible!" she will exclaim. "The dinner—"

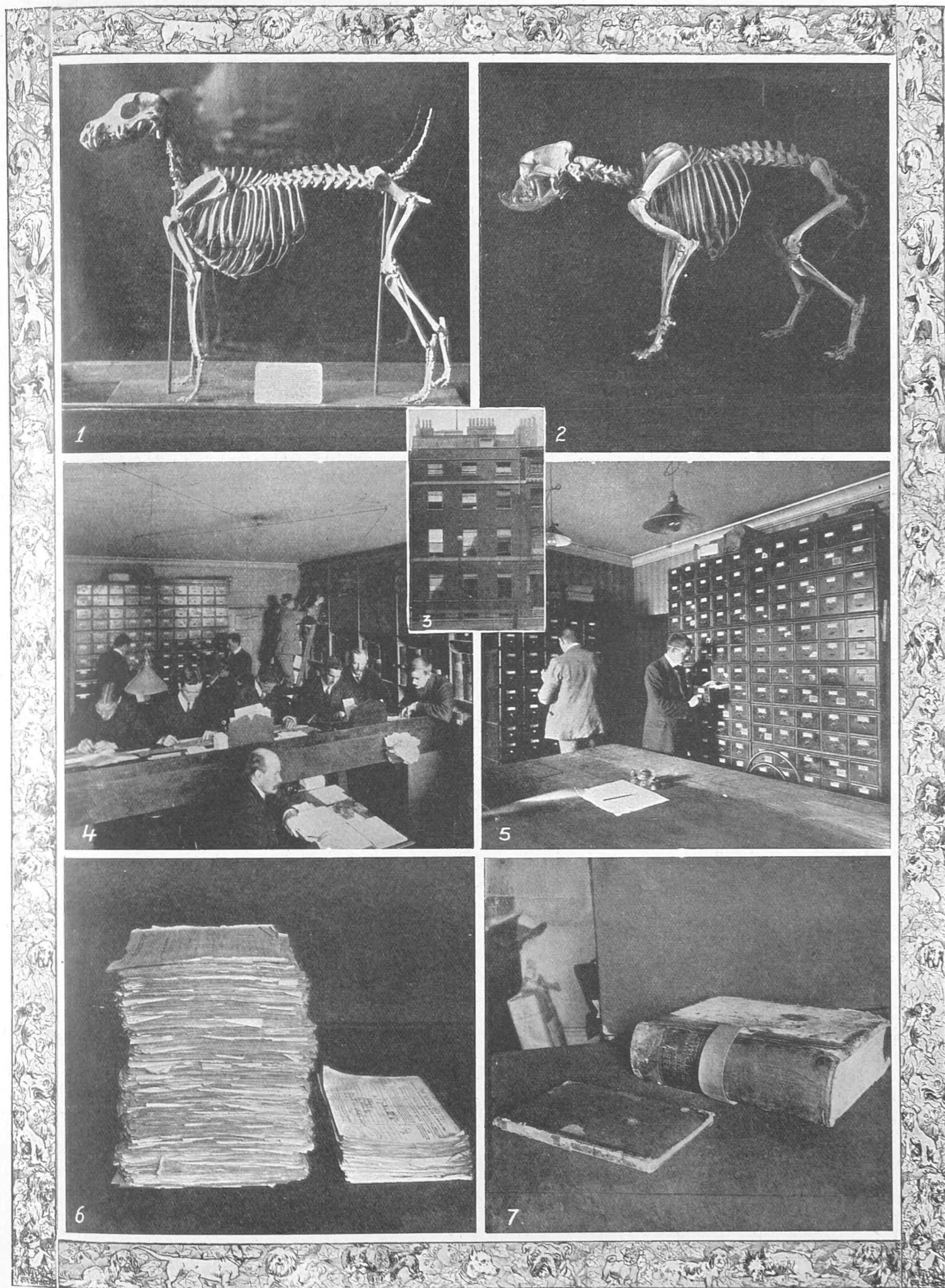
"Bother the dinner! Who's going to be governed by a mere dinner? This night may be our last on earth. Why shouldn't we do as we want to? I'll give you ten minutes to dress!"

She'll be ready dead on time, looking ten years younger.

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"TELL ME WHERE IS [THE] FANCY BRED?" THE KENNEL CLUB.



1. FAMOUS STILL IN DEATH: THE SKELETON OF "BELGRAVE JOE," A CELEBRATED SMOOTH FOX-TERRIER OF THE BELVOIR STRAIN.
2. BONES OF THE MIGHTY DEAD: THE SKELETON OF A FAMOUS BULLDOG, "CH. CHINOSOL," AT THE KENNEL CLUB.
3. THE HEADQUARTERS OF "THE FANCY": THE KENNEL CLUB, CARLTON HOUSE, S.W.

4. THE HERALD'S COLLEGE OF DOGDOM: THE INDEX ROOM AT THE KENNEL CLUB.
5. CANINE ARCHIVES AT THE KENNEL CLUB: THE INDEX CABINETS.
6. THE EXPANSION OF THE CANINE "DEBRETE": THE REGISTER FOR JULY 1882 (RIGHT) COMPARED WITH THAT FOR JULY 1908 (LEFT).
7. THE EXPANSION OF THE CANINE "DEBRETE": THE REGISTER OF ONE BREED FOR 1881 TO 1891 (LEFT) COMPARED WITH THAT FOR 1892-1903.

The fact that the Kennel Club has just held its annual show, which took place last week at the Crystal Palace, lends interest to these photographs of the well-known headquarters of "the Fancy," at Carlton House, S.W. The Kennel Club was founded in 1873, with the object of improving the breed of dogs, by establishing rules, holding shows, keeping a register of names, and other means. The present secretary of the club is Mr. E. W. Jaquet. How much the operations of the Kennel Club have increased since its foundation, and especially during the last decade, may be judged by the relative sizes of the registers in earlier and later periods. It is a noteworthy fact that the Kennel Club has been instrumental in putting an end to various cruelties practised on dogs for the purpose of "faking" their points.—[Photographs by Sport and General.]

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Herbert Tree. Arthur Bouchier. Violet Vanbrugh.
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EVERY EVENING at 8, Mr. George Edwardes' New Musical Production, "**PEGGY**,"
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MARION TERRY in her original character.
At 8.20, **THE MINIATURE**, by Walter Frith.
MATINEE (both plays) EVERY WEDNESDAY and SATURDAY at 2.15.

WYNDHAM'S. At 8.30. **GERALD du MAURIER** and Co. in
THE PERPLEXED HUSBAND, by ALFRED SUTRO. Mat. Weds. Sats 2.30.

EMPIRE. "NEW YORK," New Ballet, **LYDIA KYASHT**,
Fred Farren, etc. GEO. ROBEY, Ivy St. Helier,
MR. HYMACK, Valazzi, Paul Gorden, etc.
EVENINGS at 8. Manager, Arthur Aldin.

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The Armies of India. Major G. F. MacMunn, D.S.O. 20s. net. | WARD, LOCK.
A Queen of the Stage. Fred M. White. 6s. |
| Rembrandt. Introduction by C. Lewis Hind. 2s. 6d. net. | DRANE.
The Tuppenny Box. Colin Fitzgerald. 6s. |
| British Castles. Charles H. Ashdown. 7s. 6d. net. | The Crumpled Leaf. Mrs. Alexander. 6s. |
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Canned Classics. Harry Graham. 3s. 6d. |
| GREENING.
The Secret of Chauville. David Whitelaw. 6s. | BLACKWOOD.
The Multiplicities of Una. E. Douglas Hume. 6s. |
| DUCKWORTH.
The Breath of the Desert. H. Clayton East. 6s. | Saints, Sinners, and the Usual People. St. John Lucas. 6s. |
| LONG.
Many Coloured Mountains and Some Seas Between. Emma S. Boyd. 7s. 6d. net. | His Honour and his Love. Edith Sinclair. 6s. |
| Prince Talleyrand and His Times. Frédéric Loliée. 12s. 6d. net. | JACK.
History of Painting—Vol. VII. Haldane Macfall. 7s. 6d. |
| STANLEY PAUL.
The A.B.C. of Japanese Art. J. F. Blacker. 5s. net. | JOHN MURRAY.
Recollections of a Long Life—Vols. V. and VI. Lord Broughton. 24s. net. |
| The Lotus Lantern. Mary Imlay Taylor. 6s. | Three Generations. Henrietta Keddle. 9s. net. |
| The Long Hand. Sir William Magnay, Bt. 6s. | HEINEMANN.
The Secret Garden. Frances Hodgson Burnett. 6s. |
| ARNOLD.
Love in Black. Sir H. Hesketh Bell. 6s. | "Hail and Farewell." George Moore. 6s. |
| HARRAP.
A Thackeray Year-Book. Compiled by Helen and Lewis Melville. 2s. 6d. net. | Great Engravers: John Raphael Smith. Edited by Arthur M. Hind. 2s. 6d. net. |
| Stories of the Scottish Border. Mr. and Mrs. William Platt. 3s. 6d. net. | Great Engravers: Watteau, Boucher. Edited by Arthur M. Hind. 2s. 6d. net. |
| SEELEY.
Things Seen in Northern India. T. L. Pennell, M.D., B.Sc. 2s. net. | SIMPKIN, MA'SHALL.
My Musical Pilgrimage. Harry Burgess. 3s. 6d. net. |
| NASH.
Most of the Game. Author of "Leaves from a Garden." 10s. 6d. net. | PARTRIDGE.
A Compleat Cook. Frank T. Bullen. 3s. 6d. |
| HODDER AND STOUGHTON.
Peter and Wendy. J. M. Barrie. 6s. | Under the Wolf's Fell. Dorothea Moore. 5s. |
| | Not Cricket. Harold Avery. 5s. |
| | The Singer of the Kootenay. Robert E. Knowles. 6s. |
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Death. Maurice Maeterlinck. 3s. 6d. net. |

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THE MOTOR SHOW AT OLYMPIA.

OUR SPECIAL SUPPLEMENT.

THE tenth great Motor Show at Olympia begins on Friday, the 3rd, and remains open until the 11th. We have therefore taken the occasion, as in previous years, to present our readers with a Special Illustrated Supplement, dealing with the most notable exhibits to be seen at the Show, together with an expert explanation of the points to be observed in each case. Without some such guide as we have thus provided, the novice or the inexperienced motorist, on the look-out for a car or for accessories, might be bewildered by the embarrassment of riches spread out before him in the Olympian halls at West Kensington. By studying our Supplement, however, he will be able to form an idea beforehand of the type of exhibit that is most likely to meet his requirements, and he will be able to make straight for it, and thus save himself waste of time and trouble. As in the case of last year's Show, it will be found that there are no very startling innovations in the practice of motor-building. Some interesting sleeve-valve, or slide-valve, engines will be found, but in the main progress has consisted in those not unimportant improvements in detail which add much to the comfort of motoring. Especially has there been an advance in the matter of body-building, the motor-body builder, as our expert writes, having "now very nearly freed himself from the clogging influence of his coach-building ancestry."

Lord Alfred Douglas, the author of the English version of Oscar Wilde's "Salome," the writer of sonnets that are (says Mr. Crosland) as good as Shakespeare's, only later, the fighter of roaring battles from the editorial chair of the *Academy*, and a witness before whom Sir Edward Carson himself has quailed, went a few months back on a spiritual pilgrimage to Rome. And, last week, Lord Alfred's nine-year-old son was baptised according to the Roman rite, with Mr. Maude and Viscountess Encombe for sponsors. Lady Encombe's presence, as she herself remarked, was not without a special interest. Born a Fraser, a daughter of the late Lord Lovat, in 1898 she married Lord Encombe, a lineal descendant of the most stubborn of all opponents of Catholic Emancipation—Lord High Chancellor Eldon.

TITLE-PAGE AND INDEX.

The Title-page and Index of Volume Seventy-five (from July 12 to Oct. 4, 1911) of THE SKETCH can be had, *Gratis*, through any Newsagent, or direct from the Publishing Office, 172, Strand, London.

TO ARTISTS, AUTHORS, AND PHOTOGRAPHERS.

TO ARTISTS.—Every Drawing sent to "The Sketch" is considered purely on its merits. Published drawings will not be returned except by special arrangement. Every drawing submitted must bear the name and address of the artist, and be fully titled.

TO AUTHORS.—The Editor is always open to consider short stories (up to three thousand words in length), illustrated articles of a topical or general nature, and original jokes. Stories are paid for according to merit: general articles and jokes at a fixed rate.

TO PHOTOGRAPHERS.—In submitting Photographs, contributors are requested to state whether (a) such photographs have been previously published, (b) they have been sent to any other paper, and (c) they are copyright or non-copyright. With regard to reproduction, clear silver prints are the most suitable. No published photograph will be returned unless a special arrangement is made to that effect. The name and address of the sender must be written carefully on the back of each photograph submitted, and each print must be fully titled.

Photographs of new and original subjects—English, Colonial, and Foreign—are particularly desired.

SPECIAL NOTE TO AMATEURS.—The Editor will be glad to consider Photographs of beautiful landscapes, buildings, etc., and will pay at the customary rate for any used. Photographs of comparatively unknown "sights" are preferred to prints of well-known and continually photographed places.

GENERAL NOTICES.—Every care will be taken of contributions submitted to the Editor, and every endeavour made to return rejected contributions to their senders; but the Editor will not accept responsibility for the accidental loss, damage, destruction, or long detention of manuscripts, drawings, paintings, or photographs sent for his approval.

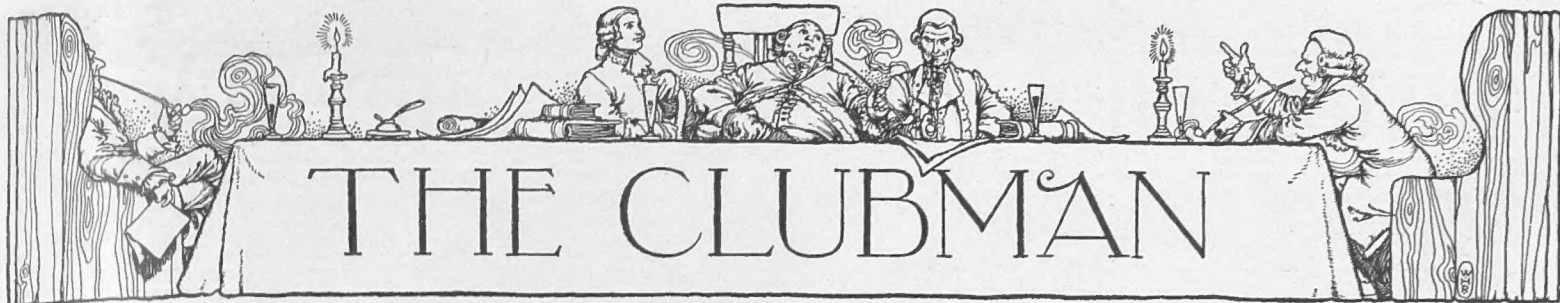
Contributors desirous of knowing the kind of work that is most likely to be accepted are advised to study the pages of the paper.

No use will be made of circular matter.

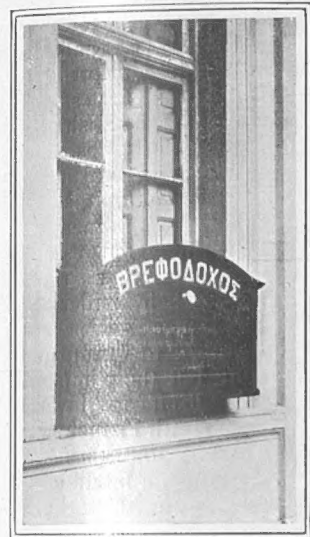
All stories and articles should be type-written.

With a view to preventing any possible misunderstanding on the subject, the Editor desires to make it quite clear that under no circumstances does an offer of payment influence the insertion of portraits in "The Sketch," nor has it ever done so.

"SKETCH" EDITORIAL OFFICES, MILFORD LANE, STRAND, W.C.
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Chinese Gordon's Methods. When Li Hung Chang believed that a war between China and Russia was imminent, he called on Chinese Gordon to redeem a promise that he would return to China to give advice should ever his services be needed. When, in response to urgent telegrams from the Government and the pleading of our Minister in China, Gordon took passage again for England, I happened to be on the ship on which he voyaged, and I heard from him something of the methods by which he created his "ever-victorious" army. It was one of his maxims that there was usefulness in every man, if only that usefulness could be called into action. One of the best of his officers was a gunner who before Gordon took him in hand was a hopeless drunkard. What Gordon did not tell me, but what was the great secret of his success, was that his own absolute contempt for danger inspired the men who served under him with an equal contempt for life.



WHAT SHALL WE DO WITH OUR BOYS-AND GIRLS? AN ATHENIAN SOLUTION OF THE ETERNAL PROBLEM.

The photograph shows a box outside the Foundling Hospital of Athens. An infant who is not wanted can be placed in this, and is duly received by the Institution. Further, no questions are asked.

Photograph by Johnson.

and small towns to defend or hoped that he would have great forces under his sway and great deeds to do. It seemed to me then to be a curious hope of a future life, but Gordon thoroughly believed his Creator to be the God of War of the Old Testament.

Wooden Shells. Yuan Shi-Kai was dismissed from all his employments in 1909, ostensibly because he had received injuries to his head and foot. Now, when he has been summoned to undertake an almost impossible task, he pleads that his foot is not yet well, and therefore it is impossible for him to move against the rebels. It must have given the Chinese statesman and soldier real pleasure to be able to indite this typical phrase of dry Chinese humour. The edict from the Throne in reply, advising him to get well quickly, is also not without its humour—humour which carries the shadow of a bowstring with it. Were there another "Chinese" Gordon in the world, what an opportunity there would now be for his genius! There is splendid material in the Chinese Army, as witness the Chinese regiment which General Bower, now fighting against the Abors, raised for the defence of Wei-Hai-Wei. But very probably Yuan Shi-Kai suspects that the painted wooden shells the Chinese fleet on the Yangtse fired during the battle against the rebels are not the only dummies in the armament of the Chinese forces.

Official Corruption. There must be an enormous temptation to officials, whose actions are in no way checked, to allow contractors who are in a hurry to become rich to supply guns and rifles and ammunition and accoutrements which are of no use in war-time. When Cervera, the Spanish Admiral, made his sortie from Santiago, he knew that his ships were already beaten, not so much by the superior range of the American guns, as by the scoundrelism of the contractors to his own Government. The recent scandals in Russia, when officials were heavily bribed in order that useless boots might be supplied to the troops, is a case in point; and there was the celebrated instance of the *Vladivostock* vessel of war, the building and arming of which was charged to the Government, and which was eventually reported to have foundered at sea, though no such ship had ever been built or launched or armed. Perhaps the real wonder in the story of the painted wooden shells is that the Chinese powder was powerful enough to throw them on shore.

The Turk as an Ally. Turkey is making the unpleasant discovery that her friends find a variety of excuses for not interfering on her behalf whenever she seems likely to lose part of her territory. The Kaiser poses as the Protector of Islam, but his Imperial Majesty does not carry his protection to the extent of telling Italy, his Empire's ally, to drop the slice of land she has seized. Turkey turns to Great Britain as an old friend, though of late somewhat estranged, and, recalling the fact that our King-Emperor rules over many millions of Mussulmans, asks for British interference. Great Britain with cold civility says she will gladly follow any move Germany may make towards restoring peace. The Young Turks now understand that their country wants strong allies and not lukewarm friends, and are hesitating whether to throw in their fortunes with the Triple Alliance or the Triple Entente. No doubt all the Chancelleries of Europe are examining what Turkey is prepared to give in exchange for an alliance. When the Turks and French and British were allies in Crimean days the arrangement worked very well, and the Turk was a very popular person with our soldiers and sailors. "Johnny Turk," the men used to call him, and when Thomas Atkins and the Handyman nickname any one "Johnny," it is always a proof that he is a good fellow.



ONCE A DEVIL-DANCER, NOW CONVERTED: AN INTERESTING FIGURE FROM INDIA.

Photograph by Giles.



NOT THE PROPERTY OF THE DRAPERS', STATUES ON THE NEW BUILDING OF THE VINTNERS' COMPANY.

A member of the public, writing to the Vintners' Company, raised objection to these statues on the Corporation's new building, on the ground that they were not sufficiently clothed. He received a courteous reply, pointing out that the Company he addressed was the Vintners', not the Drapers'.—[Photograph by Barratt.]

of the City is a guarantee of business-like methods for the future, and the Lord Mayor made it quite clear that he was not prepared to open a Mansion House subscription until he was satisfied that the purchase of the great glass house and its parks and gardens was assured.

The Lord The Crystal Palace. Mayor is the god from the car who is to save the Crystal Palace and its lands at the eleventh hour from the speculative builder. The intervention of the head

FRIVOLITIES

OF PHRYNETTE



THE UNGRATEFUL FRENCHMAN.

By MARTHE TROLY - CURTIN.

Author of "Phrynette and London."

RECOGNITION, like the French policeman, generally comes too late. We have not enough self-confidence to dare declare a man immortal before he has proved to us that he is not. If I were the Minister of Fine Arts (if you haven't one, you should) I would have statues erected "on spec" (I believe you say). I would stroke my beard, wag my Ministerial and, probably, bald head, and hold forth thus: "Here is a good fellow who has been of pleasure and of service to us; let us build him a statue this very minute. Don't let us wait until he is dust to have him in stone; and if following generations think him unworthy of the statue or the statue unworthy of him, they can pull it down without hurting his feelings."

I hoard in a stocking my ready contribution for erecting a statue to Mr. Bernard Shaw, but I don't want my easily earned money to feed the vanity of his great-grandchildren—I want him to have his statue now, while he is alive and kicking at so many things (no doubt they deserve it). I did not mean to mention Mr. Shaw—it does not do to let your feelings flow so freely from your fountain-pen. However, it is written, and—fatalism or laziness—I won't erase a single word.

The wittiest woman of the seventeenth century, Mme. de Sévigné, is to have her statue. I hope to see it before I die. They manage those things slowly in France. Two years ago they proposed to carve homage to the Frenchwoman in some prominent place in Paris. We want that statue, all of us, Parisiennes and Provinciales. We want the nation to give us a tangible form of its regard for us—a tribute of stone, marble, or bronze—anything that endureth. WE want a homage, not to one or any particular fair citizen, but to Woman, the Frenchwoman, the backbone of France even as Eve was the rib of Adam.

It is not enough for Woman to have been sung and painted and written about. Most often the beauty of the treatment hides that of the subject—the poet or artist is praised more than she who inspired him, while his purpose is always and only the pursuit of art, not the glorification of Woman. We want our statue not because we are beautiful or witty or elegant, not because we lend ourselves to rhythm, form, or colour, but because we are Woman—a force and a blessing to our nation. How glad my countrywomen would be, not out of vanity, but because this monument to us, however belated, would help us to be realised—yes, yes, realised! We are admired by legions, loved by many, idealised by a few, even understood by fewer still, but never realised by our nation, much less by others. Our men take us for granted; they feel, in a vague sort of way, that we are essential to them; but, like all essentials, we are not realised. The air we breathe is the foremost of our wants and the least of our cares.

Except for the blind need and the selfish acceptance that constitute the child's love for his mother, there is no other such

unconsciously ungrateful regard as that of the Frenchman for his womankind. There exists no parallel in any other race. With the English it is very different—they do not need their women, they can

be very comfortable without them (and, as you know, comfort here *does* count for something). Englishmen have their clubs and their sports and their business (I don't know if I have enumerated these three great essentials in their right order—their order of importance varies according to temperament, but their importance itself is invariable). With Frenchmen it is not so. Business is to them a livelihood, never an absorbing ideal; sports, a fashionable whim; a club's address, an ornament for smart notepaper. Woman is the Frenchman's *raison d'être*, and woman knows it—only our men do not.

One reason why, though considering herself justly entitled to the vote, the Frenchwoman clamours less loudly for it than the Englishwoman is that the franchise would merely mean the official recognition of her influence, and to one who possesses the substance the shadow seems but a small thing. The position of the Frenchwoman in regard to man is that of an able and adroit regent to a young and weak monarch. The king is king, and to him goes all the honour; but who wields the power?

TO MARRY SIR SMITH HILL CHILD, BT.: LADY HELEN GROSVENOR.

Lady Helen Grosvenor is the daughter of Katharine, Duchess of Westminster, daughter of the second Baron Chesham, and widow of the first Duke of Westminster, whom she married, as his second wife, in 1882. Lady Helen was born in 1888. Sir Smith Hill Child, M.V.O., is the second baronet of a creation dating from 1868, and is a son of the late John George Child, second son of the first baronet. He was born in 1880, and succeeded his grandfather in 1896. He served in South Africa in 1900.

Photograph by Lallie Charles.



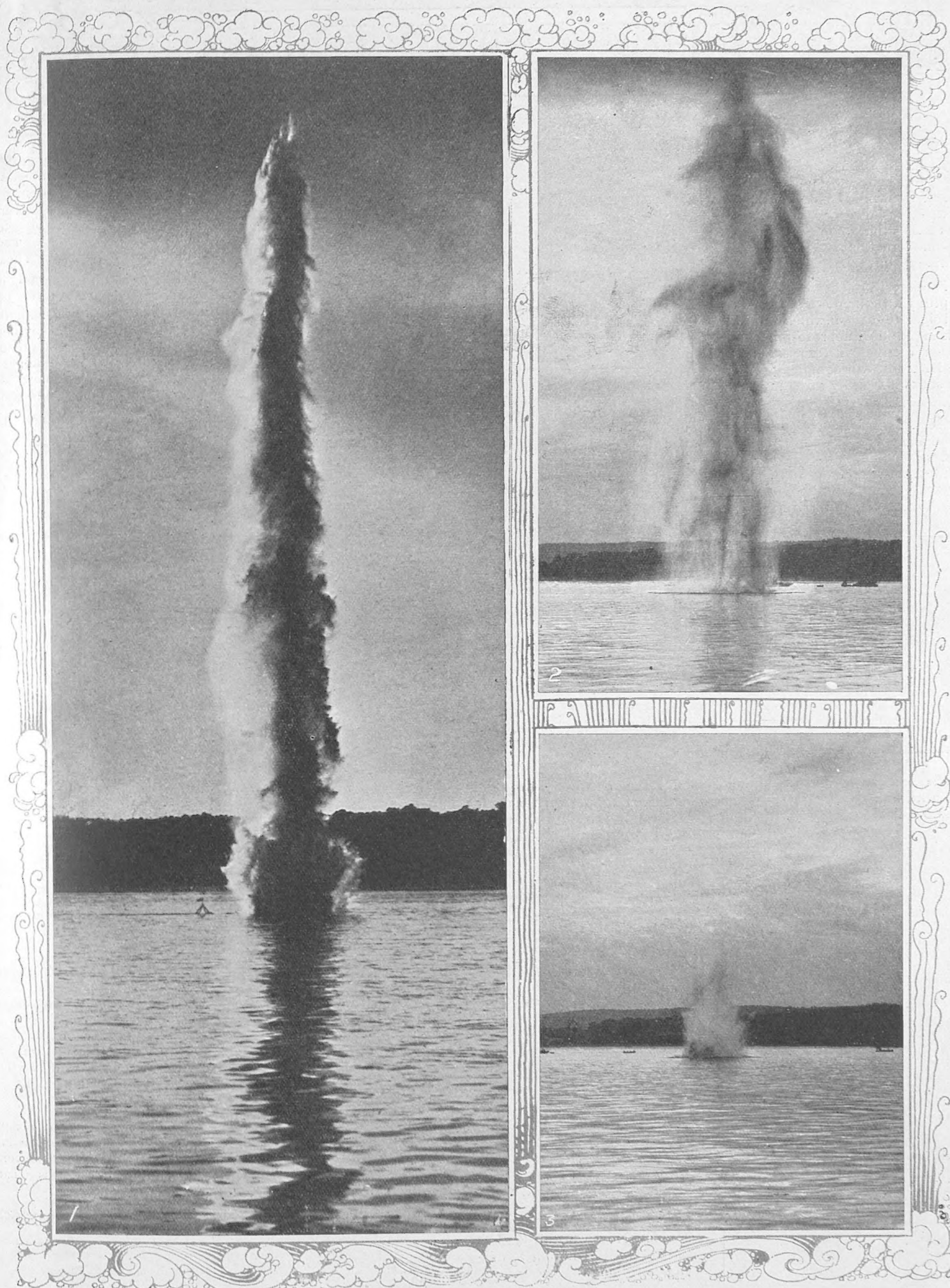
ENGAGED TO CAPTAIN ARTHUR H. CROZIER, R.E.: MISS MARGERY HELEN BLACKWELL.

Miss Blackwell is the second daughter of the late Mr. Thomas Francis Blackwell, and of Mrs. Blackwell, of The Cedars, Harrow Weald, and 199, Queen's Gate. Captain Crozier is a son of the late Major-General H. D. Crozier, R.E.—[Photograph by Kate Pragnell.]

I wonder what form that statue will take? If they consulted me I would have no allegorical figure, but a life-like reproduction of the woman of to-day; and not the smart Parisienne either, but a plain woman of the people—a peasant woman with broad shoulders and strong wrists, full bodice and flapping apron. Then perhaps, following our countrymen, people of other nations may come to understand us—they who derive their idea of the Frenchwoman from Piccadilly and Willy's novels. The Frenchwoman is not merely a good cook or a smart mannequin. She can be also frivolously wise (the only way in which wisdom has any right to exist); she can also be a good adviser without being a bore, have commercial instincts without neglecting her nails, build up a successful business and as successfully an elegant chignon. But, as she is not perfect, in one thing she fails sadly, that is, in the bringing-up of her sons. "Who spares herself hates her child," is how the French mother translates the Biblical words; and if her self-sacrifice and unreasoning devotion do spoil boys, alas! the French boys are spoiled indeed. But then (is it an effect or a cause?) his mother, how the French boy loves her! When are they going to begin that statue?



BLOWING UP A "WARSHIP": A SUBMARINE-MINE EXPLOSION.



1. THE RESULT OF EXPLODING 100 LB. OF GUN-COTTON AND 100 LB. OF DYNAMITE:
THE 300-FT.-HIGH COLUMN OF WATER THROWN INTO THE AIR.

2. THE COLUMN SUBSIDING.

3. THE COLUMN DYING AWAY.

These photographs give a vivid idea of the fate that would befall a warship blown up by a submarine mine. The experiments which they illustrate took place recently in The Narrows, near New York, off Staten Island and Brooklyn, and Naval scout launches had great difficulty in keeping boats with sightseers out of the danger zone. The targets blown up consisted of small rafts surmounted by a pyramidal framework six feet high, with a red flag on the top. The targets were towed over the sunken mines by a mine-planting boat, the towing-cable being 1500 feet in length. At the instant when a target was within striking distance (a fifty-foot radius) of a mine, observers watching them through field-glasses on Fort Wadsworth telephoned to the electrician, who at once switched on the current that exploded the mine. Each bomb contained 100 lb. of gun-cotton and 100 lb. of dynamite. The targets were blown up every time.—[Photographs by Levick.]



By WADHAM PEACOCK. WITH THUMBNAIL SKETCHES BY GEORGE MORROW.

CERTAIN eminent authors have been advocating a holocaust of books other than their own. There is no need for invidious distinctions, for experts tell us that the paper of which most modern books are made will crumble to dust in a few years' time.

The latest pretty little thing for the pretty little man is a mother-of-pearl cigarette-case, in which the pearl is arranged in white, rose-pink, and cloud-grey stripes with exquisite effect. The harmony with complexion, tie, and socks is weirdly ravishing.

"Just now I would not be a man for all the wealth in the world," said Mrs. Pankhurst. When Mrs. Pankhurst comes round to a more reasonable frame of mind, and if a man can be caught who wants to be Mrs. Pankhurst, there would seem to be a chance for the transfusion of souls.

Bullocks are acquiring an untoward habit nowadays



of rushing into milliners' shops. They are merely inspired by a wish, which would be more becoming in a cow, to know what are to be the fashions

in animals' straw hats for the next hot season.

What shall be done with the Crystal Palace? Looking at it from a little distance, it would seem to be a capital place for raising cucumbers.

THE BLAZING BROLLY.

(Bright-hued umbrellas which match, or at least harmonise with, her costume are to be worn by the fashionable woman this autumn.)

When you stroll down Piccadilly, when you crawl up Regent Street, If you're fond of schemes of colour you'll experience a treat, For the fashionable woman will be cheerily ablaze

With a parti-coloured broolly on these dull autumnal days.

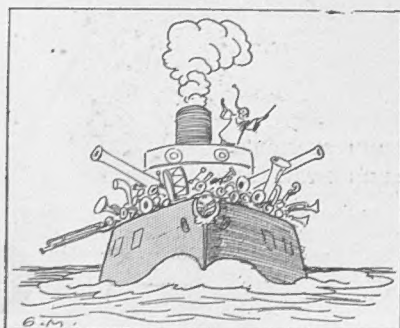
All the dreary, dripping ways Will be cheerily ablaze

With the Tyrian-tinted broolly on these rainy autumn days.

For the joyful news is published that the town has seen the last Of the dull and dingy gingham of the century that's past; And the rainbow-hued umbrella dyed to match the hidden gown Will be a cheerful object when the rain is coming down.

She may macintosh her gown When the rain is coming down,

But she'll hoist a blazing broolly that will brighten up the town.



Someone is advertising in *T.P.'s Weekly* for particulars of the solitary trees in the City of London. This is a sentimental and philanthropic age—is the advertiser going to invite these solitary trees to a social matinée at His Majesty's Theatre?

Telegraph and telephone operators in Vienna have been agitating for an increase of wages, and the authorities have promised them a new hat. That's all right, no doubt, for the girls, but what about the men of the staff? A new Merry Widow will be of no use to them.

Here is really a useful piece of information. The average man's eyelids open and shut four million times a year. Now, Percy, be careful not to use up your four million before the end of November, or else you will have to sleep with your eyes wide open till New Year's Day.



THE PATHETIC MILLIONAIRE.

(Mr. Eugene Zimmerman, doubly famous as a millionaire and as the father of the Duchess of Manchester, says that no one in the United States loves millionaires any more.)

Pity the sorrows of a millionaire, Whose motor-car has whirled him to your door.

He's going out of fashion everywhere, And Yankee tradesmen worship him no more.



Once he was hero, prophet, priest, and king, The bright example for the Yankee "bud." Now every loafer has a brick to fling, Now every scribbler slings his dob of mud.

America no longer seems to need Men of the brainy and successful brand; The modern politicians who succeed Are men who could not run a peanut stand.

Pity the sorrows of a millionaire, Who sees his public services declined, Who drowns in dollars his divine despair, And with freak dinners soothes his mighty mind.

"The smell of ozone is simply that of decaying seaweed, and there is no more ozone in seaside air than in other places." It was prudent of Mr. Arthur H. Barker to keep this information from University College until the close of the season, or he might have

been scalped by a deputation of indignant landladies.

My Lord Mayor says that it is the average man who occupies the most useful places in life. This sounds like a fulsome compliment to the great majority until we recollect that when the average man speaks of the average man he means someone of less capacity than himself.

Besides, no one wants to be useful. Everyone wants to be rich—without working, if possible.

The papers are cheerful reading just now. Taking one morning at hazard, there are four wars and rumours of wars, seventeen tragedies of different sorts, headed by a triple murder and suicide, and a number of unsavoury cases in the law and police courts. No wonder that the eggs are bad at breakfast.



✠ ✠ OUR WONDERFUL WORLD! ✠ ✠



GRAVES LET ON THREE-YEARS LEASES: BOXES AND BAGS OF HUMAN BONES, WHICH HAVE BEEN "EVICTED" FROM A CEMETERY, AWAITING REMOVAL.

It is the custom among the less wealthy classes in Greece to bury a body for three years only. At the end of that period the bones are exhumed, that room may be made in the grave for other bodies. The boxes and bundles of human bones, here shown awaiting removal by relatives or friends of the deceased, are seen outside the charnel-house of the cemetery at Athens.—[*Photograph by Johnson.*]



THICKER THAN THE ELECTION CROWD: DENSER THAN THE FOOTBALL CROWD: BASEBALL ENTHUSIASTS WATCHING AN ELECTRICALLY WORKED SCORE-BOARD OUTSIDE A NEWSPAPER OFFICE IN NEW YORK.

New York has once more gone baseball mad, and remarkable scenes were witnessed recently when 50,000 people contrived to get into a polo-ground enclosure designed to hold a fifth of that number that they might see the first of the series of seven games arranged between the New York "Giants" and the Philadelphia "Athletics," who were meeting to decide the World's-Baseball Championship. The scenes in the street were quite as extraordinary, as witness this photograph of a great crowd watching a score-board outside a New York newspaper office. Every movement of every player was recorded on this board.—[*Photograph by Sport and General.*]



By E. F. S. (MONOCLE.)

"What Every Woman Knows." One would have thought that Mr. Barrie's play without Mr. Gerald du Maurier as John Shand must fall rather flat on revival. Yet it was received enthusiastically. I am tempted to ask what would be the result of trying another Maggie in place of the inimitable, delightful Miss Hilda Trevelyan. What an interesting experiment if, for a while, Miss Trevelyan were to play Bunty at the Haymarket, and Bunty, the quaintly charming Bunty, were to act Mrs. John Shand. However, such things cannot be, and no one need grumble. For the Maggie is perfect. Indeed, the work of Miss Trevelyan, in suitable parts, will for long be one of the most precious memories of present-day playgoers. Of old friends in the cast, we still have Lady Tree, in her curious, popular performance as the puzzling Countess, and Mr. Norman Forbes, as the unimaginable Cabinet Minister. Mr. C. M. Hallard, the new Shand, acts the part cleverly and sincerely, if not exactly to the taste of everybody: for some think that he carries the roughness of the railway-porter too far into the play, and commits the curious fault of acting the character rather than the piece, and is somewhat *plus royaliste que le roi*. Messrs. Hignet, McOwen, and Adams represent the father and brothers very well, though not without loss. The absence of Miss Lillah McCarthy is unfortunate, for she did manage to give some life to the incredible Lady Sybil.

New "Pots" by the Follies.

In several respects "Macbeth," the latest Pélissier pot, is quite funny, but, as is usually the case with the Follies, the fun is rather too obvious, and consists more of simple funniments than the burlesque which involves criticism. This may be due to the bent of Mr. Pélissier's mind or to a belief that the "pot" must appeal primarily to those who have not seen the original: rather a pity, for the Follies might have filled the useful post of comic critics of current drama. Still, there is much to cause laughter, the most successful and legitimate element being the sleep-walking scene of Miss Fay Compton. Also the comic combat is droll—some scoffers, I fear, will allege that it is not more amusing than the original. The potted Grand Guignol play really is the funniest of the pots. The new third part is very amusing. Mr. Lewis Sydney's "Bedouin Love Song" is clever, the "Alf Gag-Pincher" of Mr. Dan Everard is remarkably characteristic, Mr. Pélissier's recitation of "Butterflies" is irresistible, whilst as the Diving Lady he has contrived a capital spoof.

The little Boudoir Theatre, Earl's Court, when you have reached it, is a comfortable place for the enterprises of little clubs and societies; but the audiences there of necessity are small, and the club called "The Little French Theatre" is fortunate in getting

French players of distinction to appear before such very diminutive gatherings. M. Galipaux was there last summer, and now M. Louis Tunc has come, an actor of quite extraordinary power. He played a man who had murdered his wife, and was in an agony of fear about the removal of the body. "La Fugue de Madame Caramon" is a violent, and not very artistic, attempt to make the hair stand on end; and it is undoubtedly effective. M. Tunc rendered the man a living image of terror by an exhibition of vivid emotion which was wonderful to behold. Apart from his performance, there was little of importance in the evening's entertainment. He played a stern husband with much humour in a little domestic comedy called "La Paix chez Soi," and there was a fantasy in verse by Rostand, named "Les Deux Pierrots," in which Mlle. Rachel Bérendt played with a graceful touch of poetry and sentiment. During the intervals, M. Georges Henri entertained the audience with topical songs well sung.



THE THÉÂTRE MODERNE DE LONDRES AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE, MAIDEN LANE: Mlle. JULIETTE MYLO IN "PETIT ABBÉ."

Photograph by Record Press.

"The Uninvited Guest."

"The Uninvited Guest" is not altogether welcome, for he is something of a bore. What there was in M. Tristan Bernard's play, "Le Danseur Inconnu" that induced Mr. John Raphael to adapt it cannot be guessed from the English piece, which has a thin plot, little skill in construction, and no wit. Of course the French work may have been a masterpiece—the famous Italian phrase "translators traitors" is wide enough to cover adaptors. The story of a man who, to win the hand of a girl, pretends to be rich and successful, though he is neither the one nor the other, has served very often before in drama—perhaps the most popular instance is the now intolerable "Lady of Lyons,"

and it may be said that it is one of the most unsatisfactory of the stock plots of the stage, because of the enormous difficulty, perhaps impossibility, of finding sufficient excuse for the man's baseness to justify the happy-ever-after ending. In this respect "The Uninvited Guest" fails completely, and one would be left with an unpleasant feeling at the end of the play were it at all plausible, which (perhaps fortunately) is not the case. I wonder why, when adapting the work, Mr. Raphael did not transfer the locality to England. Nothing is gained by keeping it in France, and the company is rather embarrassed by trying to pretend to seem French—not all the company, for some made no effort to appear non-Britannic. There is nothing noteworthy in the acting. Mr. Charles Hawtreys is rather amusing in his customary manner during the first act, and also rather amusing in the sentimental passages of the rest, which do not suit him; Mr. O. B. Clarence played the part of an old man quite cleverly; Mr. Arthur Playfair had one good scene, which he rendered very well; and Mr. Fred Lewis did very much with very little.



THE THÉÂTRE MODERNE DE LONDRES, AT THE REHEARSAL THEATRE, MAIDEN LANE: A "HOLD-UP" IN "LES BOULINGRINS"—MM. DEROT, DORLANGE, AND Mlle. H. HILBERT.

The Théâtre Moderne de Londres opened a subscription season at the Rehearsal Theatre in Maiden Lane last week, and, incidentally, received expressions of goodwill from Mme. Sarah Bernhardt, Miss Marie Tempest, Sir Herbert Beerbohm Tree, Mr. George Edwardes, and Mr. George Grossmith jun.

Photograph by Record Press.

A REVUE FEATURE OF A KIND ENGLAND DOES NOT FAVOUR.



A GERMAN IDEA OF FUN-MAKING: MISS MADGE LESSING AS MLE. GABY DESLYS AND MISS GUSSY HOLL AS KING MANOEL IN "DIE NACHT VON BERLIN" ("BERLIN'S NIGHT"), AT THE METROPOL THEATRE, BERLIN.

We give this photograph as illustrating a type of Revue feature occasionally seen in Berlin. Without any desire to act as arbiters of taste, we doubt whether the Deslys-Manoel duet and dance would find favour in this country, even if interpreted as lightly and as cleverly as it is by those popular actresses, Miss Madge Lessing and Miss Gussy Holl.—[Photograph by *Kochmann*]



CROWNS · CORONETS · COURTIER

EARL CARRINGTON, the new Lord Privy Seal, has received all the favours due to a Party favourite, and everybody knows that he deserves them; he has shed a lustre even on the bare Board of Agriculture, he has enlivened the Lords, he has coped with a presentation-portrait by Mr. Cope, R.A. Within five minutes after he had accepted this presentment of himself he handed it over, with a charming speech, to the National Liberal Club—a happy ordering of events for which there is ample precedent. The incident had nothing of the delightful crudeness that belongs to the popular story of the portrait for which a famous painter sat to Mr. Sargent, who presented it to his admiring friend. That friend is notably vague and notably lavish: he handed the canvas over to an hotel chambermaid who had been brisk with his hot water. Nothing more would have been heard of the valuable work if the maid had not wisely carried her “tip” to Tite Street, where she found Mr. Sargent quite willing to cash it for her and

recover the likeness of his friend.

The New Land of Nod.

Lord Middleton did a bold thing when he prefaced his story of the late Duke of Devonshire with the remark that it was one of the best he had ever heard. The Duke had said that he fell asleep in the Lords and dreamt that he was addressing the House; “and when I awoke I found I was addressing the House.” Everybody knew that the Duke had yawned—the only man who did so vary the aperture of his mouth while addressing his brother Peers; and, of course, the sleepy Duke was always the butt of the political

The Librarian Abroad.

From the Library of Windsor Castle, where the most exciting things are the miniatures and an occasional bookworm, the Hon. John Fortescue goes forth into the world again, and out to India with King George. His brother, Sir Seymour Fortescue, was the late King's cup-bearer at Marienbad, and last year became Sergeant-at-Arms-in-Ordinary to King George, with charming apartments in Friary Court, St. James's Palace. Mr. John Fortescue traces his bent for historical studies to the ancestor who had the itch for such knowledge so strongly that he set sail for Elba, when Elba had its great guest, and obtained a three hours' interview with Napoleon. From him he heard the avowal and justification of the Massacre of Jaffa, the poisoning of the sick of the army, and the putting to death of about two hundred Muftis in Cairo. That was a hundred years ago, and Mr. Fortescue does not promise himself that the history of the Durbar will make quite such sensational reading. Failing Elba, however, he is quite content with Delhi.

The Derbies.

Lord Derby has, for the first time in his life, been quite frank about his ambitions. To win a Derby and be Prime Minister is the desire, if not the expectation, of quite a number of persons who achieve neither. “Only heaven left,” wired a friend to Lord Rosebery when he had both; but there comes a time when a certain shyness in regard to their own aspirations overtakes the unsuccessful candidates. Lord Derby has not yet won his Derby, and now that he confesses to a past hankering for the Premiership, it means he is still

WEARING A BROOCH OF OFFICE PAST: MRS. REGINALD MCKENNA.

Mrs. McKenna, whose husband has exchanged posts with Mr. Winston Churchill, becoming Home Secretary instead of First Lord of the Admiralty, was Miss Pamela Jekyll, a daughter of Colonel Sir Herbert Jekyll, Assistant Secretary to the Board of Trade. She was married in 1908. It will be noticed that she is wearing a brooch emblematic of her husband's former appointment. Presumably she will be able to make an appropriate exchange with Mrs. Winston Churchill.

Photograph by Kate Pragnell.

jester. But Lord Middleton's version is quite new, and also, it seems, quite true; and now we learn of another nodding statesman. When Mr. Edward Roworth, who had an audience of the King last week, painted Dr. Jameson (now a Knight), he wished to pose him as he had appeared at the Convention. “Then paint me asleep,” said Sir Starr, “for I slept through the whole blessed business.”



A NEW PEERESS: THE COUNTESS OF ONSLOW, FORMERLY VISCOUNTESS CRANLEY.

Lady Onslow is the wife of the new Earl of Onslow, formerly Viscount Cranley, who has just succeeded to the peerage on the death of his father. She was the Hon. Violet Bampfylde, daughter of the third Baron Poltimore. Her marriage took place in 1906, and she has a daughter, now Lady Mary Onslow, born in 1908.

Photograph by Lafayette.



A NEW MAID OF HONOUR TO THE QUEEN OF ITALY: THE HON. MRS. MARCONI.

Mrs. Marconi probably owes her appointment to her husband's patriotic action in placing his wireless telegraphy service in the Mediterranean at the service of the Italian Government during the war with Turkey. She was the Hon. Beatrice O'Brien, daughter of the fourteenth Baron Inchiquin. Her marriage took place in 1905.

Photograph by Langfieri.



A COUSIN OF THE TSAR AT “THE QUEEN OF WATERING-PLACES”: THE GRAND DUKE MICHAEL AND COUNTESS TORBY, WITH THEIR DAUGHTERS, ON THE BEACH AT HOVE.

The Grand Duke Michael Michaelovitch is a son of the Grand Duke Michael Nicolaievitch, a brother of the Tsar's grandfather, and was born in 1861. In 1891 he married Countess Torby, formerly known as Sophie, Countess of Merenberg. They have two daughters, Anastasia and Nadejda, born in 1892 and 1896; and one son, Michael, born in 1898.—[Photograph by Topical Agency.]

ambitious to gain one of these two honours. It happens, too, that there are certain things left for him before heaven: he is on his way to the Mayoralty of Liverpool! Perhaps Mr. Asquith may not envy his opportunity; but, on the other hand, he is now quite heart-whole and fancy-free in regard to Mr. Asquith's exalted station. No Prime Minister could have looked quite so happy as did Lord Derby at a christening last week, where he was godfather.

THE "ENORMOUS SLAP-UPNESS" LADY AND THE AIRMAN:
 "THE HONEYMOON," MR. ARNOLD BENNETT'S NEW COMEDY AT THE ROYALTY.



HONEYMOON OR FLIGHT OVER SNOWDON? MISS MARIE TEMPEST AS FLORA LLOYD, MR. GRAHAM BROWNE AS CEDRIC HASLAM, AND MR. BASIL HALLAM AS CHARLES HASLAM.

The plot of "The Honeymoon" turns on the relative importance of love and business and patriotism, from the respective points of view of wife and husband. Cedric Haslam is an enthusiastic airman, and on the day of his marriage to Flora Lloyd, a lady described as of "enormous slap-upness," he learns that a German rival intends to compete for £10,000 for a flight over Snowdon. To Cedric it seems his duty to postpone the delights of the honeymoon in order to save his country's prestige by forestalling the German and winning the prize. His bride takes the opposite view, and thinks the honeymoon far more important. Then they learn that the curate who performed the marriage service was not a curate at all, but a masquerader, and that consequently they are not legally married, but are free to consult their own wishes. The remainder of the play consists of the gradual conversion of Cedric to Flora's point of view, a result attained chiefly by means of amusing dialogue and minor incidents. Eventually the couple go off to be securely wedded by a real live bishop.—[Photograph by J. C. Hall and B. Hall.]



ADELAIDE AND HUGHES.



A GAIETY BOY: MASTER STEWART FORTESCUE, WHO IS APPEARING IN "PEGGY" WITH CONSIDERABLE SUCCESS.

Photograph by Foulsham and Hannard.

TERPSICHOREANLY one may paraphrase the familiar couplet from "Ingomar," and write of these exceptional dancers, who are undoubtedly the star turn of the present programme of the Alhambra, as—

Two souls with but a single thought,
Four legs that dance as two.

They have been "twoing" it for the past three years. To their partnership they came by exactly opposite roads. Miss Adelaide was educated as a dancer from the time she was a little child, while Mr. Hughes never had a dancing lesson in his life. Miss Adelaide took to the stage to dance; dancing took Mr. Hughes to the stage.

Before she was nine her parents discovered Miss Adelaide's special gift, with the result that they had her taught by one of the best mistresses in New York, where they lived. By the time she was ten she was an acknowledged child prodigy, and was engaged at the Casino Theatre, New York, for a revue, "The Passing Show." Her toe-dancing made a sensation. The result was that the Gerry Society, which busies itself with the appearance of children on the stage, tried to have her withdrawn as being too young to appear.

Unfortunately for them, the society's agents could not prove her age, for her birth certificate had been destroyed in a fire at the church where she was registered, and the duplicate at the City Hall could not be discovered. In the absence of the birth certificate, the question whether "La Petite Adelaide" (as she was called on the bills) was ever legally born might have been argued by a clever counsel, so she went on dancing at the Casino for six years. Among the productions in which she danced was "The Belle of New York," at the time that Miss Edna May made her sensational appearance and her reputation in that musical comedy. Miss Adelaide made her entrance in a gold chariot drawn by six little lambs—an effect not introduced in the London production. She did not come to London with "The Belle," but she did arrive when "The Casino Girl" was produced, and she introduced "rag-time" dancing to London.

On her return to New York, Miss Adelaide—who, by the way, was the first artist who ever did rag-time dancing on her toes—was engaged by the Messrs. Shubert, with whom she appeared for four years in productions imported from London: "Babes in the Wood," "The Blue Moon," and "The Orchid." At the end of that period she succumbed to the financial lure of vaudeville. She arranged to dance with four girls. It was an enormous success. So were the girls. They were so pretty that they constantly received invitations to go out. As constantly they accepted them, and often Miss Adelaide's act was only half an act, so far as numbers were concerned. She had so much trouble with her girl dancers that she concluded it would be better to have a male dancing-partner. She happened to be in San Francisco when she made this determination. In the same programme was Mr. Hughes, who also had a quartet dancing act—two girls and two men. She proposed that they should join forces. He agreed. It was thus that "Adelaide and Hughes" came into being.

Mr. Hughes's parents were Catholics, and designed him for the priesthood. They therefore sent him to a school in Brooklyn where boys were prepared for the priesthood. He gave such little evidence of a vocation, however,

that one of the priests, who liked him, gave him an introduction to the principal of the firm of Sheehan and Collins, the greatest corporation lawyers in the United States. He used to amuse himself during the luncheon hour in rehearsing the sextet from "Florodora" in the library with some of his fellow-clerks. One day Mr. Sheehan entered unexpectedly. One by one the culprits were sent for to the chief's sanctum, and one by one they were "fired." A week later, however, Mr.

Hughes was sent for and given another chance. On another fatal day he was discovered by Mr. Collins dancing for all he was worth on the top of his desk before the delighted clerks. For a second time there was a general exodus. This time Mr. Hughes was not taken back. A similar escapade caused him to be "fired" from his next situation, but he was given a letter to a theatrical manager, who put him on the stage. In this company he acted a wide variety of parts for a year. Returning home, he found that his sister had attracted a good deal of attention as a dancer at school, so he made up a little "dancing act" with her which he did at some of the summer parks near New York. It was so successful that they went on dancing for a year. The next year he elaborated the act and they doubled the company. When Miss Adelaide proposed the present partnership he gave the act to his sister, who is doing it now.



APPEARING AT THE THÉÂTRE FRANÇAIS DE LONDRES: Mlle. YVETTE BARIEL.

M. Louis Tunc, of the Grand Guignol Theatre, made his first appearance in England in the opening performance by the Théâtre Français de Londres, at the Boudoir Theatre, Pembroke Gardens, on Tuesday of last week. The first programme accounts for productions dated up to Nov. 19; but, presumably, there will be others after this. Mlle. Yvette Bariel, of the Nouveautés and the Théâtre Michel, appeared with M. Tunc in "La Paix Chez Soi," a one-act comedy by M. Georges Courteline. The Théâtre Français de Londres is open to members only.

Photograph by H. Manuel.



"CARD-CALFING" IN "THE GIRL OF THE GOLDEN WEST" ON TOUR: MISS JEANNE BROLA AS MINNIE, WITH THE QUINLAN OPERA COMPANY.

As joint stars "Adelaide and Hughes" first began as the Cat and the Mouse in "The Barnyard Romeo," a burlesque on "Chantecler." At the same time, they were under contract to appear in a revue called "Up and Down Broadway." As it was impossible for either contract to be cancelled, and both managers wanted to avail themselves of the services of so attractive a combination, they decided to play them, and for the first time in New York's theatrical history the same stars were "featured" in two rival attractions on Broadway. After three years, they determined to get the European hall-mark on their performance. They accordingly went to Paris, and during last summer they appeared for three months at the Marigny, with such signal success that every important London manager went to Paris to see them, and some managers even went twice. Mr. Moul was the lucky man to get them, and as Mr. Byng, the musical director at the Alhambra, is a master of "rag-time," Adelaide and Hughes are able to produce their effects as well as they do across the water.

ASK ME ANOTHER!



THE CONSTABLE (*to the pedestrian, who has been knocked down by a motor-cycle*): Could you swear to the man?
THE PEDESTRIAN: I did! What do you take me for?

DRAWN BY LAWSON WOOD.

Sport — Through the Quarry's Eyes.

II.—A RISING SHOT.

DRAWN BY HARRY ROUNTREE.

THE FAIR MONTHS OF THE YEAR: NOVEMBER.



"ALL THE WOODS
GLEAM WITH A MELLOW SPLENDOUR, WHERE THE GOLD
VIES WITH THE PURPLE AND THE CRIMSON GLORY -
THE SUNSET OF THE YEAR"

Photograph by S. Philip Neame.



"FRIGHTFULLY FASCINATING."*

"TWO is the beginning of the end." After two, you always know that you must grow up; but before you are really old—say, seven or eight, or even ten—you may live a while in the Neverland. In that there is compensation, as there is sweet sorrow in the after days when the realities of youth and joy are the legends of years past. Wendy—grown-up, white-haired, grandmother Wendy—can tell you so much; Jane, her daughter, can tell you; Margaret, Jane's daughter, can tell you—"every spring-cleaning time, except when he forgets, Peter comes for Margaret and takes her to the Neverland. . . . When Margaret grows up, she will have a daughter, who is to be Peter's mother in turn; and thus it will go on, so long as children are gay and innocent and heartless," for the Neverland is the mind of the child.

The Boy will come to you through the window at eleven o'clock by the crocodile, when the night-lights blink out, a cocky, crowing youngster very like Mrs. Darling's kiss, "clad in skeleton leaves and the juices that ooze out of trees," and with little pearls of teeth. Tink, the fairy, will be his companion, flashing about so quickly that she will seem nothing but a fluttering flame,

with a voice that is the notes of golden bells. And Peter will inform you that his address is "second to the right, and then straight on till morning"; that "when the first baby laughed for the first time, its laugh broke into a thousand pieces, and they all went skipping about, and that was the beginning of fairies." You will learn to fly on the wind's back after the fairy-dust has been blown upon you; the stars will open the window they closed after Peter; and you will away to the Neverland, fed, as were Wendy and John and Michael when they set about the great adventure, with food snatched from the beaks of birds. If you are sleepy, you will float in the air. You may bump into a cloud or two; but at last you will draw near the magic shore. You will know this because the island is looking out for you; otherwise, you would never find it. You will follow the million golden arrows directed by the sun, and before you will be the Neverland. You will recognise it on the instant by the lagoon, the turtles burying their eggs in the sand, the flamingo with the broken leg, the cave, the she-wolf with her whelps, the boat with its sides stove in, the smoke of the Redskins' camp, the Mysterious River; and when gloom falls upon it, you will see the unexplored patches in it, black shadows moving about in them, and you will hear the roar of beasts of prey. With the return of Peter, the island will awaken. "In his absence things are usually quiet. . . . The fairies take an hour longer in the morning, the beasts attend to their young, the Redskins feed heavily for six days and six nights, and when pirates and lost boys meet they merely bite their thumbs at each other. But with the coming of Peter, who hates lethargy, they are all under way again." Then will you see things

as the Darlings saw them. "The chief forces of the island were disposed as follows: the lost boys were out looking for Peter, the pirates were out looking for the lost boys, the Redskins were out looking for the pirates, and the beasts were out looking for the Redskins. They were going round and round the island, but they did not meet, because all were going at the same rate." In the midst of the pirates, "the blackest and largest jewel in that dark setting, reclined James Hook. . . . In his mouth he had a holder of his own contrivance which enabled him to smoke two cigars at once. But undoubtedly the grimmest part of him was his iron claw." Last of all was a gigantic crocodile, dreaded of Hook. Why? Let the chief of the pirates speak: "'I want their Captain, Peter Pan.' 'Twas he cut off my arm. . . . Peter flung my arm . . . to a crocodile that happened to be passing by. . . . It liked my arm so much, Smee, that it has followed me ever since, from sea to sea and from land to land, licking its lips for the rest of me. . . . That crocodile would have

had me before this, but by a lucky chance it swallowed a clock which goes tick-tick inside it, and so before it can reach me I hear the tick and bolt.' 'Some day,' said Smee, 'the clock will run down, and then he'll get you.' Hook wetted his dry lips. 'Ay,' he said, 'that's the fear that haunts me.'"

Once landed you will find the home of the lost boys, entered through the hollows of trees and with chimney masked by a mushroom. A house will be built round your Wendy, "the littlest ever seen, with funny little red walls and roof of mossy green." And Wendy Lady will mother you, and tell you stories, warn you against wet feet, and tuck you up. Next day you will be measured for your tree. That will call for care. The Darlings found that so. "Unless your tree fitted you, it was difficult to go up and down, and no two of the boys were quite the same size. Once you fitted, you drew in your breath at the top, and down you went, exactly at the right speed; while to ascend you drew in and let out alternately, and so wriggled up. . . . Once you fit, great care must be taken to go on fitting, and this . . . keeps a whole family in perfect condition." In the lagoon you will find mermaids and Marooner's Rock; Peter may save Tiger Lily from the pirate crew; and, having sent Wendy ashore by tail of kite, may even escape again on the floating nest of the Never bird.

But you will have to beware of the wiles of Hook. List to what befell. The children were caught and tied so that they could not fly away, then bundled into Wendy's house and borne in it to the ship, that they might become pirates or walk the plank. Once aboard the lugger, no doubt, Peter will come to your rescue, imitating the tick-tick of the clock in the crocodile; Hook may fall before Peter's kick, with the cry "Bad form"; you may fly home again. But you cannot be too careful!

Isn't it frightfully fascinating, this tale which will never grow old?



THE WEDDING OF TWO WELL-KNOWN NOVELISTS: MR. FORD MADOX HUEFFER AND MRS. FORD MADOX HUEFFER (MISS VIOLET HUNT).

The wedding took place recently on the Continent. Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer is known more especially as the author of "The Fifth Queen," "The Fifth Queen Crowned," and as collaborator with Mr. Joseph Conrad in "Romance" and "The Inheritors." Miss Violet Hunt, who is Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer's second wife, is best known as author of "Unkist! Unkind!" and "The Wife of Altamont."

Photographs by Elliott and Fry and Russell.



THE FASHIONABLE PHILOSOPHER: M. HENRI BERGSON, WHO HAS BEEN LECTURING IN THIS COUNTRY.

M. Bergson followed exceptional success as lecturer on philosophy in Paris with exceptional success as lecturer in London, at University College, where he spoke of "The Nature of the Soul." He was born in Paris in October 1859; his most famous work, "Creative Evolution," was published in 1907. [Photograph by Gerschel.]

* "Peter and Wendy." By J. M. Barrie. Illustrated by F. D. Bedford. (Hodder and Stoughton. 6s.)



A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL

A HOME INDUSTRY.

By F. HARRIS DEANS.

BETTY sat nursing her chin, with an expression of acute suffering on her countenance.

I approached her on tiptoe.

"Where is it?" I inquired, in tones suitably hushed.

"Where's what?" she snapped, with an impatient frown.

"The pain. Isn't it a pain?"

"Don't be a perfect idiot. Sit down and keep quiet."

"It's the brain then," I diagnosed, half to myself, after a pause.

Betty gave a restless jerk of the head. Her lips moved noiselessly. Suddenly she gave a sigh of relief, and looked at me triumphantly.

"One plain and one purl," she informed me.

"Oh," I said in bewilderment.

"I knew I should remember if only you kept quiet. Make a note of it, will you, in case I forget again?"

"One plain and one pearl," I wrote down obediently. "Though what good *one* pearl is, I don't know. Or a plain either, come to that, unless—Not going in for cattle-raising, are you?"

"It's a stitch," she explained.

"A stitch in time saves nine," I remarked with a smile. I didn't know what else to say, and it seemed to me a humorous sort of remark. Betty received it, however, with something approaching indignation.

"If you can't be sensible!" she snapped.

"How do you mean *can't*?" I protested aggrievedly. "Do you mean 'won't'?" "Anyhow, what's the game?"

"*Game!*" She looked at me with a sort of melancholy anger. "Do you see these?" She flashed two long wooden sticks before my eyes.

"Good Lord!" I cried. "Fencing!"

"Knitting," corrected Betty tragically.

"Knit—" I echoed, aghast. "What's the idea—socks?"

"*Socks!* You don't make socks with these. At least, do you? I'm making a comforter, anyhow."

"I won't wear it," I cried. "I will not wear it. Hang it, I haven't half worn out that tie you made me yet. Besides, why should it always be me! Why not give the poor a turn? So long as it's warm, that's the main thing for them."

"I *am* making these for the poor," Betty explained coldly. "Poor things!"

"Poor things!" I echoed unthinkingly. "I—I mean they ought to be jolly grateful."

Betty said nothing.

"These things you buy," I continued, anxious to say something pleasing, "of course they're cheaper, and better; but it's the thought. That's what we've got to consider—the kindly thought."

Betty regarded me stonily.

"I suppose you think you're being funny," she commented reflectively. "You're not a bit."

I made no reply; I lit a cigarette instead. Smoking is a useful habit: nobody can expect you to light up and talk at the same time.

"Suppose you help me wind my wool?" she suggested, after a pause, producing a skein from somewhere behind her.

I nodded agreeably. I knew—and I presume Betty knew too—that I should only get it tangled; but then it's rather fun getting disentangled.

"Both hands," she instructed, "and stick your thumbs out. Why, you *know* how! Have you done this before?"

"No," I said. I never had—with Betty. I suppose that was what she meant.

She shook her head distrustfully as she began winding.

"Do you mind knocking my ash off?" I asked presently. I inclined my head in her direction. "My hands aren't free, you know."

Betty gave a vexed smile, and, leaning forward, took the cigarette.

"You'd better not smoke at all, had you? Shall I throw it away?"

"It's one of those you gave me," I interposed hurriedly. "An ordinary one I shouldn't mind, of course. But—I simply hate wasting these."

Half-suspicious, half-gratified, she replaced the cigarette between my lips.

For a while she wound in silence.

"Why this sudden spasm of philanthropy?" I inquired curiously.

"Huh!" said Betty scornfully. "It's the Mater and Aunt Clarice who've been egging me on. I'm not a bit keen on it myself. Only they said I didn't because I couldn't."

"Didn't, couldn't, what?" I repeated blankly.

Betty held her knitting-needles, which had somehow become hopelessly entangled with the wool, up for my inspection.

"Knit a comforter, of course. So I said I would." Somewhat half-heartedly, she wound a length of wool round her needles and jiggled them up and down experimentally. "And I will," she concluded viciously.

"H'm!" I commented. "So that's it, is it? But why not buy 'em—they're cheap enough, surely?"

"Because it's not the same thing," explained Betty.

"What's the difference?"

"I don't know," she admitted frankly. "I knew once, but I've forgotten—something to do with self-sacrifice, and that sort of thing."

"I know a place where you can get nice ones, cheap," I mentioned persuasively.

"Where?" asked Betty hesitatingly.

"At what-d'-you-call-'em's, in—you know, the place next door to that big shop."

"I think I know where you mean. Say it again slowly, and let me have another guess."

"The Natural Wool people. Regent Street, isn't it?"

Betty visibly wavered.

"No, I won't," she said at last. "I said I'd make it, and I will."

"Well, come out and have a look at them; perhaps they'll give you an idea. And then we can have tea at that place we went to the other day."

"I haven't time; I promised to give the comforter to Aunt Clarice this evening."

I laughed. It would take her at least half an hour even to disentangle her wool back to the starting-point.

"I'll bet you Aunt Clarice *doesn't* get it this evening."

"Done. What'll you bet?"

"A pair of gloves?"

"Pooh! I've got drawers full of gloves. Bet me a pound."

"A pound of chocolates?"

"No, a pound of money; I mean a sovereign. You never seem to think a girl wants money."

"All right," I agreed.

During the silence which followed Betty jerked her knitting-needles about with tremendous energy. In due course she came to an exhausted standstill.

Leaning back in her chair, she gazed at me thoughtfully.

"That was a nice place we had tea that time, wasn't it?" she suggested.

"Rather. Let's buy that blessed comforter, and then have tea there."

Betty shook her head decidedly.

"I can't. I haven't any money."

"I'll buy the comforter for you."

"I mean, for the bet. I can't pay you if I lose."

"That's all right. We'll call the bet off."

"I couldn't do that," she cried. "It wouldn't be honourable." She eyed me calculatingly from between her half-closed eyes.

[Continued overleaf.]

"Though the bet really was that Aunt Clarice would get the comforter," she pointed out softly, "there was nothing said about it being one I'd made."

"It was implied," I said reproachfully.

"Um!" said Betty, pursing her lips, "I don't know that it was. Still, if you're so mean as to insist, I can't force you to pay me."

"Elizabeth," I exclaimed, "you're a mean, avaricious, unsportsmanlike girl, and I'm ashamed of you!"

"You can say that," she cried indignantly, "because I'm a girl, and can't answer back. I'd be ashamed to grudge your own cousin a sovereign. I thought you men were so keen about your silly debts of honour. I suppose you think because I'm a girl it doesn't

matter. If I didn't want you to buy that comforter for me, I wouldn't go out with you after that."

"Hurry up and get your hat on," I urged placidly, lighting a cigarette.

"You hand over that sovereign, then," she cried, extending her hand.

As I dropped it in her palm, she gave me an appreciative chuck under the chin.

"You're a dear boy, really!" she cried, hastening out in search of her hat.

A remark that, with but the alteration of one word, I felt inclined to echo.

THE END.



INDIGENOUS.

THE LADY: W'll, the country's very nice 'f yer bin brung up in it, I s'pose. . . . But gi' me Bond Street.

DRAWN BY HOPE READ.

A Garden Guide : Horticultural Hints.



V.—SLUG-CATCHING—THE LADY OF THE HOUSE “OBLIGING” AS BAIT.

DRAWN BY W. HEATH ROBINSON.

'EAR! 'EAR!



The 'ORN of the 'UN-TER is
'EARD on the 'ILL;



THE CHAIRMAN (to the Holy Terror, who has just sung "Kathleen Mavourneen" and forgotten all his aitches): Well sung, Bob; but you might have given us a few more aitches.

BOB (scornfully): That shows 'ow bloomin' much you knows 'o' music. There ain't nothin' 'igher than G.

DRAWN BY TONY SARG.

CRACKS OF THE WHIP

By CAPTAIN COE.

The End.

The publication of the entries for the Manchester November Handicap strikes almost the final note of warning that the flat-race season will shortly be over. Perhaps this handicap is not of such absorbing public interest as it used to be, and as other big handicaps are to-day; but so long as it remains the last important race of the season it will attract a large measure of interest. Next year it will not have things all its own way, as the Stewards of the Jockey Club have granted a fixture to Lingfield on the last two days of the season. Whether Mr. Fowler intends founding a big race to be run at the enclosure which he manages so admirably I do not know, but it is almost certain that a good many Southerners will prefer to wind up the season in the South rather than make the journey to Lancashire. As regards the forthcoming Manchester Handicap, it is only natural to find that Taylor has entered "the fleet." His representatives are quite familiar; they number half-a-dozen, of which Mr. W. M. G. Singer possesses Papavero and Jaseur; Mr. Fairie, King Midas and Rose-drop; Sir R. C. Garton, Declare; and Mr. W. Astor, Mirador. Thus we have practically the Prince Edward Handicap, Newbury Cup, and Cesarewitch puzzles placed before us again, with the difference, of course, that the handicappers will apportion more or less weight in accordance with the running in those various races. J. Cannon is responsible for four entries, including last year's winner,

The Valet. Other prominent horses entered are: Graball, a three-year-old that was favourably weighted for the Prince Edward Handicap, but could not be trained; Wolfe Land; Coastwise, one of the most improved distance runners in the country; Cigar, Marajax, Trepida, and Columbus.

Big Races.

Taken on the whole, backers have done fairly well in the most important races of the season. Those who make

Eclipse Stakes, and Royal Realm, at 4 to 1, in the Newbury Autumn Cup. The bookmakers have, however, scored some notable successes in big races: Zorzal in the Liverpool Cup, Glenside (20 to 1) in the Grand National, Rochester in the Newbury Spring Cup, Bachelor's Double in the Jubilee Stakes, Cherimoya (25 to 1) in the Oaks, Moscato in the Hunt Cup, Meleager (20 to 1) in the Wokingham Stakes, Braxted (25 to 1) in the Stewards' Cup, Ignition (40 to 1) in the Goodwood Plate, and Long Set (33 to 1) in the Cambridgeshire. All these must have caused much rejoicing in the camps of the layers.

Race-Cards.

I received a complaint the other day about race-cards in general, my correspondent opening his complaint by asking: "Has paper got dearer?" The particular card he mentioned contained, he said, only half of the entered horses with full particulars, such as weights, colours, owners' names, etc., while the other half were cramped underneath in small print, only the names of horses being given. "Economy is, in my opinion, a very good thing," my correspondent added; "but this I call parsimony. With respect to race-cards, there is at nearly every racecourse such a lot of saving of paper going on that scarcely any room upon them is left for making ever so small a note. Why is this? Surely a little more paper cannot make a big difference in the cost of the cards, and the public would be benefited immensely by finding sufficient room to write down legibly the names of the riders, the draw for places, and any other notes that might be desirable, such as bets, etc." I can lend a sympathetic ear to this plaint. An ideal race-card should not only contain plenty of room for notes (a few blank pages for preference), but should be as nearly perfect as possible as regards weights. Clerks of courses should be compelled to work out the weights to be carried; this responsibility is at present on the owner or his representative. Then pedigrees should in all cases be given, with colours to be carried, and what one might call local notes, such as a full description and plan of the course.

THE SPORTING GERMAN CROWN PRINCE: HIS IMPERIAL HIGHNESS AS "GUN."

Photograph by Streich.



THE MASTER: MISS EVE.

Miss Eve is the popular Master of the Bexhill Harriers.

Photograph by Topical.

a specialty of supporting second favourites have scored several useful victories. Mercutio gave them a good send-off for the year by winning the Lincolnshire Handicap with odds of 100 to 12 betted against—a useful second-favourite price. Origo, who won the Queen's Prize at 11 to 2, was also second favourite, and Kilbroney, at 6 to 1, shared that position with Wavebird and won the Great Metropolitan. Sunstar, at 5 to 1, and Atmah, at 7 to 1, carried the winning balance still higher in the Guineas, and Willonyx added further profit when he won the Chester Cup, starting second in demand at 7 to 1. Those who favoured this system then had to wait until the St. Leger before their winning number turned up again, and on that occasion their saviour was Prince Palatine, who, at 100 to 30, started in equal demand with Lycaon, King William being favourite. Followers of first favourites have had a fair time also, although it may be suspected that as, of course, the prices were shorter, and in some cases very much shorter, their gains would not be so large. Their first victory was through the medium of Mushroom, who shared favouritism with Greenback at 5 to 1 in the City and Suburban. I am afraid they did not add much to their bank-balances when Sunstar won the Newmarket Stakes at 100 to 15 on; but the same horse undoubtedly won many men much money when he scored in the Derby at 13 to 8. Lemberg was an equal first favourite at 9 to 4 with Bachelor's Double in the Coronation Cup; Marajax at 5 to 2 was favourite when he won the Manchester Cup, and Willonyx came to the rescue twice at Ascot, where, when he won the Stakes, he started equal favourite with King Midas at 9 to 2 (a position and price he also shared with another Manton horse when he won the Cesarewitch), and a hot favourite at 5 to 4 for the Ascot Cup. Other first favourites to score were Swynford, at 11 to 10 on, in the

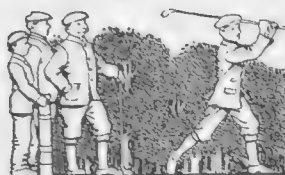
MONDAY TIPS, BY CAPTAIN COE.

Folkestone, to-day: Leas Nursery, Gotham; November Handicap, Chasuble; Moderate Plate, Jesmond. To-morrow: Romsey Handicap, Winthorpe; Dover Handicap, Maiden Aunt; Tower Nursery, Misfit. Newbury, Friday: November Nursery, Peristyle; Ormonde Stakes, Filibuster; Beckhampton Handicap, Maxima; Manton Welter, Vastern. Saturday: Autumn Handicap, Royal Realm; Theale Plate, Polkerris; Reading Nursery, Lance Chest or Marouette.



SONS OF THE KAISER IN THE HUNTING FIELD: PRINCE OSCAR, THE CROWN PRINCE, AND PRINCES ADALBERT AND AUGUSTUS WILLIAM.

Prince Oscar is the Kaiser's fifth son; Prince Adalbert, his third; and Prince Augustus William, his fourth.—(Photograph by Streich)



ON THE LINKS

By HENRY LEACH.

Jack White on Putting.

There is one thing that I do like specially and exceedingly about Jack White when he begins to preach on golf and to set forth doctrines, and that is that he has absolute courage of his unconventional opinions, as some others of the great preceptors have not. And there is no man in the world more qualified to speak concerning good ways of holing the ball, or trying to hole it, when it is lying on the putting-green, than this Jack White of Sunningdale; and he is invariably interesting and original in his advice, wherefore we listen to him or read him with avidity and benefit. I picked up the other day a little book, newly issued by Mills and Boon, the publishers, called "The Golfer's Pocket Tip Book." It is a dainty and excellent little manual, full of points of advice about all the strokes in the most condensed tabloid form, and may do good to expectant golfers when making the railway journey down to the links, or the frequently wiser ones going home again along the same line at the end of the day; and there are good photographic pictures to match. What I have particularly to say, however, is that at the end is a chapter on Putting by Jack White, and it abounds in some of the best originalities and items of common-sense, with a snap of the fingers suggested for old-fashioned and diseased doctrines. This magnificent iconoclast comes down at the very beginning on our old friend the give-the-hole-its-chance principle—a most daring thing indeed. Ever since golf was golf, it has been taught that the ball that does not reach the hole cannot drop into it, and that therefore it is better to be too long than too short when putting; that you should always be past the hole if not in it; and that "Never up, never in" is the soundest, safest maxim that was ever uttered since the world began.

A Good Point That Jack Makes.

This does seem to be most excellent and incontrovertible sense; but Jack, the fearless killer of the giants of dogma, is down on it with a sledge-hammer. How so? Because the dogma, when absorbed into the mental and physical system, often leads to the hole being given more chance than is good for it, and that putt is not holed, nor the next one after it, and so the wretched dogma fails. "In the days of the gutty," says White, "the great thing was to be hitting the ball true and giving it a chance of the hole all the time; every putt could be struck alike, and confidence and a good eye would generally bring a golfer success in this part of the game. These—confidence and a good eye—are still of value, but alone they will never make a man a really good putter. I maintain that the lively rubber-cored ball does not want hitting for the hole, it wants coaxing there, especially on greens that are fast and undulating,

as is usually the case where first-class 'golf is being played.' Then he goes on to say that to be a really good putter you must be able to play the ball for safety, and that he believes that the surest way of doing that is to strike it so that it will "drag" up to the hole, instead of running up to it with top-spin. "The importance of the maxim, 'Let the head of the putter follow through,'" says he, "has gone, so far as I am concerned. I don't bother about what the club is doing after the ball is struck." He next avers that, for himself, he strikes the ball with the toe of the club, as he can get more "work" on than by using the middle of the face; besides which, he feels his touch to be more delicate. Some players strike the ball off the heel for the same reason, all depending on the style adopted. Then, for his own justification, he urges that the ball that runs with underspin is less liable to be deflected by any imperfection of the ground than one that runs with overspin. Certainly.

Next, he says that you have more control over the ball when the main object is "to squeeze a putt dead," and he suggests that it is better to apply little bits of cut or pull to the ball when it has to deal with side-inclines on its way to the hole than by making it "borrow" from the slope. He finds that, for short putts, he can afford to be bolder in striking the ball when he has imparted drag to it; and his whole attention can be centred on getting it on the right line, no danger of going out of holing-distance existing. Of course, he is right, though the teaching may not be generally appreciated. Substantially laid-back putters,

which give much drag to the ball, are not merely advisable for putting with the little balls now in use, but almost necessary. White also points out that the ball which has been hit with drag falls into the hole more readily when it gets to it, and does not do so much rimming as one with overspin. On the question of grip, he is a strong advocate of the overlapping, and I have been saying the same thing in many an article, pointing out that it does not matter in the least whether the man is an over-lapper with other clubs or not. One can be very dogmatic on this point: there is not the slightest doubt about the gain by putting with the overlapping grip, as everybody who has tried it has found out. There is more room for argument—much more—when he tries to insist on the weight being evenly divided between the two legs. For long putts he stands upright; for short ones he bends low over his ball, rests his arms on his legs, drops his head well over, and keeps his neck stiff, which latter prevents the eye from wandering before the ball is hit. He watches with care the head of the club meeting the ball, and finds that it is easier to do so when the head is sunk and the neck held very stiff. That is a good dodge.



1. THE BALL TEED ON A CORK SET ON ASBESTOS AND SAND: DRIVING ON THE KORGAS LINKS, THE TWO CADDIES IN ATTENDANCE.
2. GETTING WELL OUT OF THE ROUGH.
3. PUTTING ON THE SECOND GREEN OF ASBESTOS WASIE.
4. THE START OF A ROUND: DRIVING FROM THE FIRST TEE.

A GOLF CLUB WITH FIVE MEMBERS, FIVE HOLES, ASBESTOS TEES AND GREENS, AND A COUPLE OF CADDIES: THE LINKS AT KORGAS, CAPE COLONY.

Our correspondent writes: "I enclose a few photographs taken on the links at Korgas, 44 miles from the rail-terminus at Prieska, Cape Colony. There are five holes, and a membership of five; two live by the links and the others within twenty miles, and from time to time come in for the week-end. The tees are made of sand and asbestos, corks being used to raise the ball, as shown in one of the photographs, with a little cloth attached for the purpose of finding it again. The country is very stony, which gives rise to the local rule that all stone may be removed around the ball, and which in effect often tees it up again on dust or sand. The greens are also made of asbestos waste, measuring about twelve feet in diameter, the holes being only two or two-and-a-half inches. The club lacks a roller, so there is usually a convenient cup around the hole, which makes putting simple if of the right strength."



By ELLA HEPWORTH DIXON.

**Middle-Class
Futilities.**

It has been well said—of late, by Professor Urwick—that the majority of women of the middle classes in England are “lost in a wilderness of inanities.” With few outside interests, no duties towards the lower classes such as the feminine aristocrat, whatever her faults, is fully alive to—with servants to wait on her

and to care for her children, the middle-class woman finds Time a formidable enemy, and proceeds to kill it with weapons of the most futile description. The younger generation is greatly addicted to hitting balls with various kinds of implements, to taking photographs of persons who meekly submit to the process, to piecing jagged bits of wood together in order to make a puzzle-picture. The elders have their quaint rites and ceremonies, such as visiting each other on stated days, when conversation runs in a well-worn groove, and an Idea would be looked upon with horror as “upsetting.” They have their fearful and wonderful dinner-parties, their marriages, christenings, and other human happenings. An enormous amount of time is spent in acquiring clothes which

enshrined in Debrett, and new blood is added to our already rather “new” aristocracy.

**The Cult of the
Soul.**

During the latter half of the last century, owing to the influence of brilliant and sophisticated scientists like Huxley and Haeckel, the Soul was distinctly out of fashion. These rather overwhelming professors, with their materialism and their irony, made humble folk almost afraid to say they possessed so spiritual and intangible an appendage. But the reaction of the present day has been marked; and nowadays the Soul is once more reinstated in the high place from which agnostics and scoffers tried to depose it. It is reported that even Professor Haeckel is moved to despair at the reaction which has set in among the most advanced German thinkers, and that he wrings his hands when he finds that he has not solved the “Riddle of the Universe” for posterity, nor even for his contemporaries. The extraordinary interest taken in M. Henri Bergson and his new theory of creation shows that the twentieth century is once more occupied with the most ancient of all beliefs—the belief in the reality of the soul. Nor must it be forgotten that women have been the means of handing on the torch, of keeping alive the flame of religious belief which at one time threatened to be extinguished altogether by their more material masculine belongings. And nowadays, curiously enough, cultivated young men are often more assiduous with regard to rites and ritual than equally cultivated young women; and you may stay, any week-end, in an English country-house, where all the men go to church on Sunday morning, and some of the women, at any rate, make bold to stay at home.

**“Woman, Beer, and
Skittles.”**

The modern woman, it appears from statistics in New Zealand, is by no means the fiery Prohibitionist which she is always pictured by those who deny her the vote. The female New Zealander has the franchise, and she has not used it to deprive her men-kind of their beer. Women, in the capacity of voters, are looked upon by the majority of men as kill-joys; but I doubt if they would prove to be inimical to a reasonable amount of skittles either. In Mr. Shaw’s latest play it is, in each case of delinquent son and daughter, the father who indulges in the most abuse, and who has the greater sense of outraged proprieties. The mothers, one religious, the other fundamentally placid, display a greater philosophy, a more profound knowledge of the vagaries of human nature.

Women, as a matter of fact, are far less apt to assume a Pecksniffian attitude than men; they have even, especially when impeccable themselves, a sneaking sympathy for a sinner. Indeed, the views of women about each other, the growing solidarity of the sex, is one of the most outstanding facts of the time, and will lead to momentous changes in the future.



A NEW TRICOT CORSET.

The London Corset Co., 28, New Bond Street, W.

are always nearly, but never quite “the thing”; in storing unimaginative food; and in arranging and causing to be washed and dusted the hundreds of unbeautiful objects with which their homes are filled. For the middle-class woman is above all house-proud. I am not sure if she does not secretly cherish that sacred apartment, the drawing-room, more than husband and children. I hasten to add that the middle-class wife has her heroic side. The ménage at “The Laurels” must always appear perfect to the household at “Fairholme,” and, in assiduously pretending to her neighbours that she has acquired the pearl of husbands, it is possible that she ends by thinking so herself.

**The Actress and
the Peer.**

Some astonishment has been shown of late years at the ease with which the lighter kind of actress induces the least sophisticated kind of peer to offer her the distinction of a coronet. Yet Englishmen of the upper class have often been singularly original in their choice of wives. A hundred years ago, this custom was as much in vogue as it is to-day. After 1815, for instance, Paris swarmed with young gentlemen of high fashion from this island, and there was then a mania among English “eldest sons” for taking unto themselves as brides stars from behind the footlights. I need not say that this was, perhaps, the one English fashion which was not copied by Frenchmen. Yet, when all is said, it is obvious that the peer only succumbs, honourably, to superior forces. The lady, as has been recently pointed out, is a Specialist, trained, shaped, and armed for the conquest of Man. She has an unerring instinct for what will allure; she flaunts her femininity when her intellectual contemporary tries to hide it. She is the quintessence of all that the average sensual man considers attractive in other people’s women-tolk, though he is very intolerant of feminine specialists in his own. Added to this that the Young Person has beauty, health, and an easy philosophy of life, and it is small wonder that she—though her family tree not the most ingenious herald can trace—is presently



THE DEXTER RAIN-COAT.

(See our “Woman-About-Town” page.)

[Copyright.]

THE WOMAN-ABOUT-TOWN

A Fashion for France to Keep.

The thing that strikes one most of all in an assemblage of smart women in Paris is the way their lips are painted. This is no new thing: for twelve months it has been in vogue, but it is now more pronounced than ever. Vermilion of the most vivid is the shade



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 1st: MR. IVONE KIRKPATRICK-CALDECOTT AND MISS MARGARET ELIZABETH MACLEAN.

Mr. Kirkpatrick-Caldecott, of Holtom-cum-Beckering Hall, Lincolnshire, is a son of the late Mr. John Kirkpatrick, of Monk's Horton Park, Kent. He is in the Sarawak Civil Service. Miss Margaret Elizabeth MacLean is the daughter of the Rev. G. G. MacLean, of Jervis Lodge, Swanmore, Hampshire. The wedding was fixed to take place on November 1.

Photographs by Val l'Estrange.

at present in use, and not only women in Society, but (more regrettable still) quite young girls follow this amazing fashion. There were not wanting signs and tokens that English women desired also to be scarlet-lipped; these have fallen off, and now, if British lips owe their redness to something out of a box, it is a little more like natural lip-red. A man recently returned from Paris said that vermilion lips such as he saw there by the hundred made the nicest, prettiest, and freshest-looking girls look as we don't like any woman to do on our side of the Channel. He is an expert in smartness, and loves it; but he draws the line of his (sm)artistic license at vermilion lips!

The Form Approved.

To have a smart dress is useless unless the figure is schooled to wear it smartly. There is much talk in these days of dieting and self-sacrifice to secure the long-lined slimness known as the up-to-date figure. No doubt there are extremists who do all sorts of things to keep extreme in fashion. The real magician, however, who turns us out with the desired figure is the clever corsetière. The London Corset Company, 28, New Bond Street, are in the van of



TO MARRY CAPTAIN CHARLES DEVAYNES SMYTH EARLY THIS MONTH: MISS DOROTHY M. HOTBLACK.

Miss Hotblack is the younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. George Hotblack, of Shiels Court, Brundall, Norfolk. Captain Smyth, who is in the Royal Irish Rifles, is the elder son of Mr. and Mrs. Devaynes Smyth, of Bray Head, Co. Wicklow. The wedding is to take place early in November.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.

luxuries, fitting like skin, cool and soft; numbers of these will be worn at the Durbar. For this purpose, too, the Company's washing corsets will be greatly in vogue. They keep their shape, are dainty and pretty, and only require the busks to be removed to be ready for the laundry. Quite as particular as to cut and style of lingerie and lace blouses are the "L.C.C." as about their corsets. This fact accounts for the great success which these have attained.

this modern magic; as the fashions change, so their corsets change with them, the tiniest detail being studied. A new Tricot corset, illustrated on "Woman's Ways" page, is the last word in this figure-moulding. It is up to date, of the most perfect cut, and it keeps the figure neat round the hips. It is extremely long, and preserves the necessary long, straight line with no undue pressure, and is very lightly boned. It costs four guineas, and to the smart woman is priceless. Excellent also are the broad elastic belts, at the same establishment, for wearing with classical dresses and with tea-gowns, also for wearing when playing games or going in for sport.

Crêpe-de-Chine corsets, too, are

ENGAGED TO DR. OLIVER KEY WILLIAMSON: MISS EDITH GERTRUDE EDDINGTON.

Miss Eddington is the second daughter of the late Mr. John Adolphus Eddington. She is to marry Mr. Oliver Key Williamson, M.D. (Cantab.) F.R.C.P. of Upper Berkeley Street.

Photograph by Val l'Estrange.



An expert fitter is kept to make them all right about the neck and shoulders, and they are in infinite variety and at varying prices.

Beautiful Furs.

The time for furs being here, it is pleasant to be able to tell my readers that there is a wonderful show of silver-fox sets, and of this lovely fur used in a variety of novel and delightful ways, at Revillon Frères, 180, Regent Street. The firm have received from their Canadian posts a splendid stock of this fur—one which, they claim, cannot be excelled by any fur firm in the world.

The Attractive Zone.

Among the latest addenda of dress are narrow belts. There is a rage for some of these made in jade, lapis-lazuli, coral, cornelian, and other attractive things of soft and lovely colour. An Old Bond Street firm seems to have acquired something like a monopoly of these pretty things. Smart women are imploring their dressmakers to get them, and these good souls are sadly put to it how to do so. Sometimes there is a run like this on a little fetish of fashion in which there proves to be a corner. These belts are really lovely, and they look very smart on dark autumn material dresses. Some are in squares, jointed with gold, some in bars intercepted by medallions, some in oblong pieces.

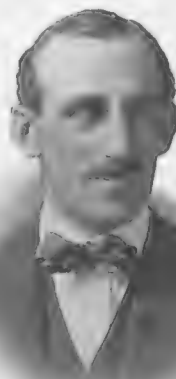
The Rainy Day.

"Keep it for a rainy day" was a bugbear of my childhood and youth when this was the advice

tendered about all monetary windfalls. There is now in maturer days something that it is good to keep for rainy days—that is, a Dexter water-proof coat. It is light, smart to look at, and is triple-proofed, so that it takes a long time of steady down-pour to overcome its weather-worthiness. It is British, and is innocent of rubber, self-ventilating, and a garment in which every woman looks so well that it is worn for protection against dust, for walking, for warmth, and on many occasions when rain is not a probability. The coat illustrated on page 123 is completely protective, very neat and smart.

Sportsmen and sports-women know the value of Dexter coats. The well-known fox-head label would be found inside most of the covert coats going into service this month in pursuit of the fox. Freedom of action is secured to the gunner, angler, or golfer in the coats built for these sports and this game.

The treatment of the Dexter cloth begins with the wool (which goes through many operations), goes on through the weaving, and is pursued also in the finishing, with the result that it is the world's standard. Anyone who tries Dexter triple-proof coats will continue to wear them; but the difficulty is to wear them out, they are so lasting. They are made in three textures; the thinnest is the lightest possible to produce, and as surely triple-proofed as the thickest. It has the further advantage of turning the wind. These garments can be specially recommended at the breaking up of a record dry season, with a large amount of rain due. Happily, they are so elegant and smart that the most fastidious woman of fashion need have none but pleasurable anticipations of wearing them.



TO BE MARRIED ON THE 31st: CAPTAIN RICHARD SPENCER BRITTEN AND MISS GLADYS N. GROVE.

The wedding of Captain Richard Spencer Britten, of Holloway House, Beaconsfield, and Miss Gladys N. Grove, was fixed to take place on the 31st. Miss Grove is the elder daughter of Mr. Julius C. Grove, of 12, Walton Street and Watercroft, Penn, Buckinghamshire.

Photographs by Kate Praegnell.



DAUGHTER OF THE EARL OF KENMARE: LADY CECILY BROWNE, WHOSE MARRIAGE TO THE HON. T. E. VESEY WAS ARRANGED FOR LAST SATURDAY.

The wedding of Lady Cecily Browne, daughter of the Earl and Countess of Kenmare, and the Hon. Thomas Eustace Vesey, brother of Viscount de Vesel, was arranged to take place on Saturday, October 28. The Hon. T. E. Vesey is in the Irish Guards.

Photograph by Bassano.

CITY NOTES.

"SKETCH" CITY OFFICES, 5, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

The Next Settlement begins on Nov. 8.

THE feature of the last account was the restricted business in all the markets consequent on the troubles in China and Africa, and the labour difficulties at home. The carry-over, however, was accomplished at lower rate than was anticipated, although the Bank charged the full 4 per cent.

The opening of the new account has led to a welcome increase of activity all round, with Home Rails taking the lead. Consols and other gilt-edged securities have responded to the increasing ease of the Money Market, and the general cheerfulness has enabled Mines to recover a large part of the decline registered during the early part of the week.

Dealings in the Miscellaneous Market have been largely confined to Cements, Marconis, and London General Omnibus stock, all of which have advanced. Rubbers seem unable to shake off the lifelessness that has characterised the market for so long, and the slight recovery in the price of the raw material has had no appreciable effect on prices.

YANKEE TRUSTS AND LEGISLATION.

Although the markets have for some little time past been full of rumours of Government action against the Steel Trust, the announcement last week that the suit had been commenced came as a shock to all concerned, and prices broke many points. The actual selling, in London at any rate, was not very large, and prices have since recovered from the worst.

Whatever is the ultimate result, the action must be a protracted one, and much may happen in the meantime. In the States it is all a political game, with one eye on getting money out of the bosses and the other on getting the votes of the working man; and until the Presidential Election is over, we fear the game is likely to be kept up. The Republicans are in dire straits, and apparently consider that votes are more important than dollars at the present juncture. Results alone can show whether they are right.

SOUTH AMERICA.

The figures of the Buenos Ayres and Pacific Railway are now to hand, and show a very healthy improvement in all departments. Receipts from passengers, from goods, and from cereals are all better, and the total gross receipts show an increase of over half-a-million sterling. The latest cables report that the growing crops are in a satisfactory condition, and the increased dividends should, at all events, be maintained during the current year.

The recent official notification that the receipts of the Port of Para during the current month are about 50 per cent. better than those for September has drawn some attention to the shares of this Company, and we hear that the common shares, now standing about 39, are likely to advance several points in the near future. The management is good, and the Company has the support of influential interests. The 6 per Cent. Non-cumulative Preferred shares stand at about 63, and in view of the additional equipment now coming into use and the satisfactory results of this year's working, there looks room for appreciation.

The 6 per Cent. Bonds of the Argentine National Mortgage Bank appear to be one of the most attractive South American securities, both for investors and speculators. These bonds are guaranteed as to capital and interest by the Argentine Government, and, as their present price includes £2 of accrued interest, they can be bought to yield the full 6 per cent.

ROSARIO NITRATE COMPANY.

As I mentioned the *Rosario Nitrate Company* last week as among the Nitrate shares which were likely to prove good investments, it may be of advantage to your readers to give a few particulars of the concern. The dividend last year was only 6 per cent., as compared with 8 per cent. in previous years, and it is not likely that much more will be paid for the current year; but so far as can be foreseen, the profits next year and the following years should admit of a much larger distribution. The reason is twofold: in the first place, the whole of the Debentures have now been paid off, so that the whole of the net profit will be available for distribution; and, secondly, the *Oficina Rosario* has been reconstructed in such a way as to revolutionise the future scale and cost of production. A few figures will illustrate this: the productive capacity of the old oficina is 600,000 quintals per annum, and the percentage of recovery of the contents of the raw material is 61 per cent; the productive capacity of the new oficina is 1,000,000 quintals per annum, with a recovery of 80 per cent. - This will involve not only a great increase in production, but also a great reduction in cost, so that, even without the big rise which has occurred in the sale price of nitrate, a considerable increase in profits must follow as soon as the new oficina is ready to commence work. The official date for the completion of the new oficina is April 1, 1912, and the cost of the reconstruction is estimated to amount to £100,000. Half of this will be met out of the reserve fund, and the balance from revenue, £15,000 having been allocated to this object from last year's profits. Any estimate of future profits and rates of dividend must be conjectural, as they are naturally dependent upon the price of the fertiliser; but a purchaser at the present price of the shares may fairly expect to receive 10 to 15 per cent. on his investment, unless a very serious fall in the price of nitrate, which is not expected, should take place.

THE RIVER PLATE TRUST, LOAN, AND AGENCY COMPANY.

The scheme for the rearrangement of the capital of this Company, by which the liability on the "A" shares will be extinguished, has received the assent of the shareholders and Debenture-holders, and should result in a considerable advance in the price of these "A" shares. It has always been somewhat a matter of surprise that the shares, both "A" and "B," of this Company did not stand higher, for it has paid steadily increasing dividends while accumulating a very large reserve fund. The success of the Company is based on the fact that money can be advanced upon first mortgage in the Argentine with the best security upon much higher rates than obtain in older countries; and the fact that the Company has scarcely ever made a loss is evidence of the carefulness with

which its business is conducted. The "A" shares return at their present price nearly 7 per cent., and the "B" shares 6½. Seeing that the "A" shares receive 6 per cent. preferentially before the "B" shares, it follows that, with the liability extinguished, their price must advance to a point at which they return less than the Deferred or "B" shares. On a 6 per cent. basis, which seems a very handsome return when the liability is gone, the price of the "A" shares, assuming no increase of dividend, should be over 8½, as compared with the present price of 7½. Anyone buying these shares now, and holding them for a couple of years, should make an excellent investment. Q.

HOME RAILWAY SYNDICATES.

For prices to have risen so breathlessly as they did towards the end of last week was a complete surprise to the bear party, which lost its head and scrambled in pell-mell. Behind the movement stood two or three syndicates sufficiently powerful to take lines of stock by the five, ten, or even twenty thousand pounds, and to hold them. It was noticed, only two or three weeks ago, in one of our Stock Exchange letters, how dangerous is the being a bear in company, for then a *saute qui peut* is inevitable if the short division gets scared into closing. This half-year the Railway Companies will do very well, and a good crop of 1911 dividends is already assured. But the labour agitation is not over. We know prominent Socialists in the Stock Exchange who declare with real regret that the trouble has hardly begun.

THE KAFFIR CIRCUS.

We find a widely spread impression that the recent flatness of the Kaffir Circus was due to an organised plan for slumping East Rands, but that this is a fairly fantastic view must be patent to those who have followed the East Rand's recent adventures, which fully explain the drop in the price. The situation with regard to this Company is so complicated, and so mysterious, that good nerves are required by the man who gambles in the shares: the investor has probably lost all his faith some weeks ago. But the Goldfields dividend is quite a satisfactory performance, and the shares pay 7½ per cent. at their present price. This should go some way towards retrieving the bad impression created by the East Rand fiasco, the Langlaagte disappointment, the Witwatersrand Deep accident, and the other unfortunate happenings that have befallen the Kaffir Circus of late. The market has accustomed itself in advance to the idea that the next Rand Mines dividend will be reduced, and that other distributions may have to suffer as well. The fall in prices, however, has been so long and so substantial that it may well be found to have discounted perhaps most of the announcements as to a falling-off in profits.

Saturday, Oct. 28, 1911.

FINANCIAL CORRESPONDENCE.

Correspondents must observe the following rules—

- (1) All letters on Financial subjects only must be addressed to the City Editor, The Sketch Office, Milford Lane, Strand, W.C., and must reach the Office not later than Friday in each week for answer in the following issue.
- (2) Correspondents must send their name and address as a guarantee of good faith, and adopt a nom-de-guerre under which the desired answer may be published. Should no nom-de-guerre be used, the answer will appear under the initials of the inquirer.
- (3) Every effort will be made to obtain the information necessary to answer the various questions; but the proprietors of this paper will not be responsible for the accuracy or correctness of the reply, or for the financial result to correspondents who act upon any answer which may be given to their inquiries.
- (4) Every effort will be made to reply to correspondence in the issue of the paper following its receipt, but in cases where inquiries have to be made the answer will appear as soon as the necessary information is obtained.
- (5) All correspondents must understand that if gratuitous answers and advice are desired the replies can only be given through our columns. If an answer by medium of a private letter is asked for, a postal order for five shillings must be enclosed, together with a stamped and directed envelope to carry the reply.
- (6) Letters involving matters of law, such as shareholders' rights, or the possibility of recovering money invested in fraudulent or dishonest companies, should be accompanied by the fullest statement of the facts and copies of the documents necessary for forming an accurate opinion, and must contain a postal order for five shillings, to cover the charge for legal assistance in framing the answer.
- (7) No anonymous letters will receive attention, and we cannot allow the "Answers to Correspondents" to be made use of as an advertising medium. Questions involving elaborate investigations, disputed valuations, or intricate matters of account cannot be considered.
- (8) Under no circumstances can telegrams be sent to correspondents.

Unless correspondents observe these rules, their letters cannot receive attention.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

J. W. B.—We have every faith that the Nitrate Market will improve, and should hold both your shares. The price of the raw material is about eightpence a quintal more than last year, and it looks as if the market will still further improve. We have no special information as to San Lorenzo.

HENRY.—We are sick of pointing out the folly of these "stock operations." The people are swindlers, and only fools could be caught by such rubbish.

H. H. P.—The following should suit: (1) The New Leopoldina Terminal 5 per Cent. Bonds; (2) United of Havana Preference; (3) City of Pernambuco 5 per Cent. Bonds. You will get just over 5 per cent. for your £1000, with every reasonable safety.

C. M.—The Income bonds, if you will wait, should improve, but for the moment we think Guayaquil and Quito 5 per cent. bonds seem more promising for an early profit.

Large transactions are going on in the shares of the well-known manufacturers of margarine, Van der Berghs, Ltd. The carry-over for last year equalled a further 40 per cent. on the whole of the Ordinary share capital, after paying 17½ per cent. The £1 shares, fully paid, are still standing at about 46s., and are being talked higher in consequence of the expected bigger dividend for the current year.

Among the more welcome movements in the South African market of late is the strong attention directed to Oceana Developments. The 10s. shares in this well-known undertaking are being picked up at about 7s. each very freely by speculative investors in anticipation of the flotation shortly of a subsidiary. The Company's assets are reckoned to be worth 10s. a share at least, with the unusual proportion of nearly a half in liquid form.

THE COUNTY GENTLEMAN.

IN some respects the full hunting season that opens this week is full of promise. Some years have passed since foxes were as plentiful as they are to-day, and the countryside will welcome the hunt with more than usual heartiness, because it desires that the ranks of foxes should be reduced without delay. Although the autumn rainfall has been below the average, and summer drought was almost unprecedented, there is no anxiety about scent, and if there will be much chopping of foxes in the weeks immediately before us, there should be splendid sport later on. Farmer, small-holder, and the agricultural labourer who keeps poultry have all suffered more or less severely from the unusual number of foxes, and the failure in some districts of cub-hunting on account of the drought has increased the trouble. But in a well-managed hunting country these matters are not very serious. As I have pointed out in these columns, the old-time farmer does not grudge the toll that Reynard levies on his poultry. He is selling hay to hunting-men at about the best price he has obtained for some years; five pounds per ton is being paid now, and the price is likely to rise for the best grass and clover hays, of which the supply is limited. The farmer gets his hunting for nothing, and is a welcome guest at hunt breakfasts, so in the majority of cases he does not trouble the committee with claims on account of lost birds. If he is satisfied that gates, hedges, and young corn will be properly protected by the Master, he has probably taken down all or the greater part of his barbed wire, and looks forward with delight to a day or two every week in pursuit of the cunning enemy who, for all his faults, gives the best sport in the world. The small-holder, often a townsman transplanted on to unfamiliar soil, is a more difficult subject to handle, but he is not often beyond the capacity of a tactful member of the hunt committee, who may use his discretion in the matter of compensation, while your agricultural labourer is a sportsman at heart, and in many cases has a grateful memory of odd half-crowns that have come his way earlier in the year, in return for discovering a fox-earth with its litter of cubs or for keeping a watchful eye on the litter in days before it reached the age of self-help.

The most serious question before the hunts that pursue the uneven tenour of their way outside the Shires is the growing antagonism between foxes and pheasants. Twenty years ago a very large proportion of shooting estates were held by men whose fathers and grandfathers before them had been landowners. They raised a moderate head of game, limited the record of the bag to their own game-books, and did not enter into a paper competition with their neighbours. Most of them were as keen on hunting as on shooting, and were as much concerned with the preservation of

foxes as of pheasants. They opened their woods to the hunt, with a few simple reservations in the matter of dates, that were scrupulously observed by the Master. Being quite accustomed to game and foxes, they knew when the pack could go through a wood without creating more than a few hours' unrest, and when the wood must be left alone until the guns had delivered their message to the longtails.

To-day the case is altered. In every country the ranks of the old landowners are broken. Successful townsmen who care nothing about fox-hunting have bought or rented large shooting estates, and in some cases are laying down thousands of pounds annually for the sake of a big head of game and a few very big days. In many cases the value of the sport is judged by the size of the bag; foxes are regarded with aversion, and the hunt with suspicion. An indifferent or dishonest head-keeper can account for the failure of his honest efforts or for the result of his own depredations by declaring that the place is overrun by foxes, and that they have taken all the wild hens off the nests or snapped up many young hand-reared birds before they were able to perch; and to the townsman who cannot justly measure the proportions of fact and fiction in such a statement it serves as an excuse and makes for very bitter feeling against the hunt. Closed woods and barbed wire may follow, and whatever the friction, it will be increased in a country where the field is so large as to become unwieldy, and the old-time farmers have yielded place to men from the north of these islands who have been accustomed to fox-driving with guns and never spare a day from their labours. For the farms, too, have changed hands of late years; the old generation that regarded shooting and hunting as a legitimate part of the winter's work still persists, but in diminishing quantities. It has been beaten by a long series of bad years and low prices, and many a farm once prosperous is now being run on insufficient capital by men who must work six days a week for a bare living. It does not require much imagination to understand how such a farmer regards a hunting-field that is too large to be properly controlled, and includes a score or so of urban enthusiasts who have trained out and have no knowledge of hunting etiquette. Here, then, in the writer's opinion, is the one serious trouble that hunting-men must face, and their success in facing it will be decided very largely by the measure of tact that the Master and his responsible colleagues can command. Some hunting-men hold that the dangers hinted at above are imaginary; others believe that they are so serious as gravely to threaten the future of our national sport. In all probability, the truth lies between the two extreme views. That there is a danger is certain; that wise counsel and good-fellowship can avoid it is highly probable. MARK OVER.

ELEY

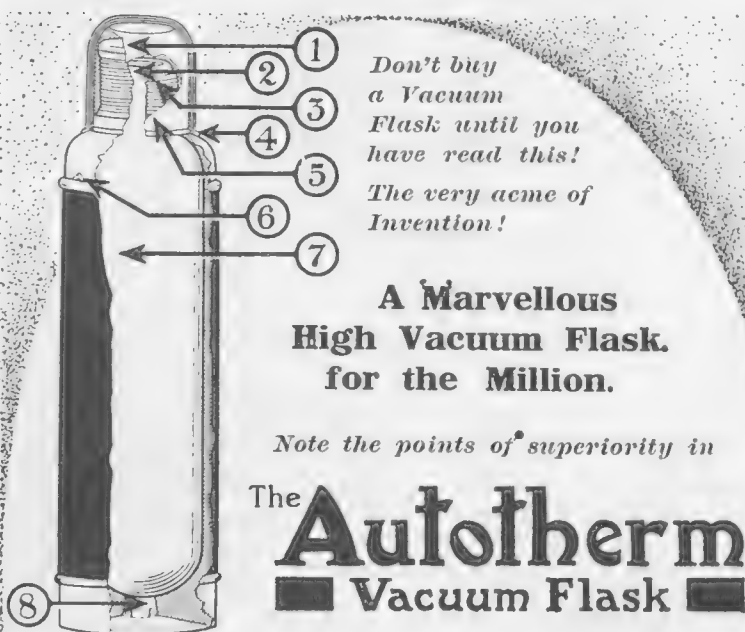
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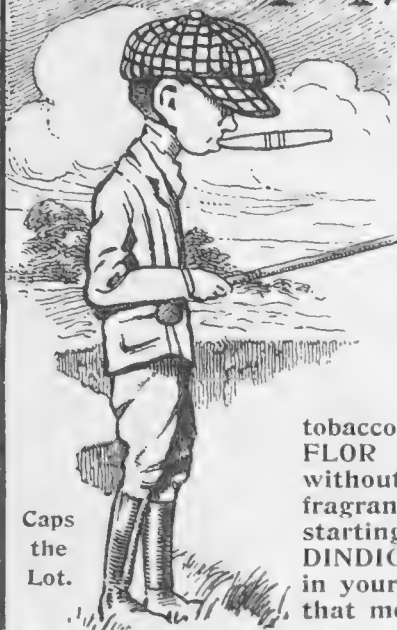
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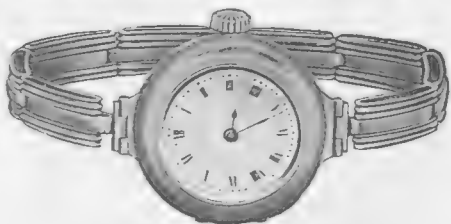
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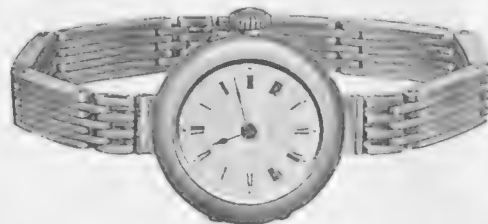


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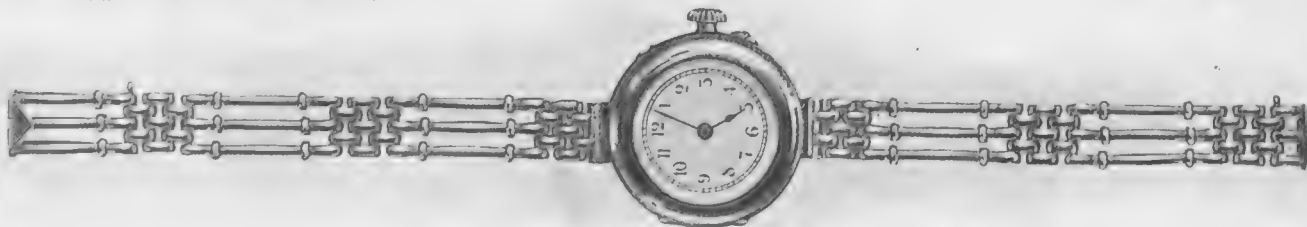
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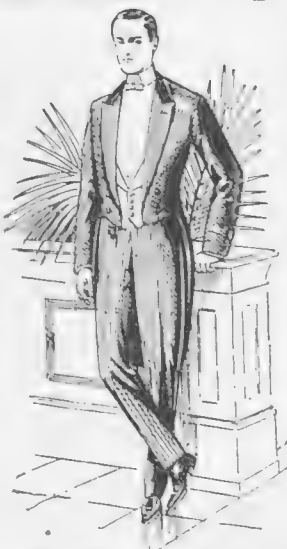
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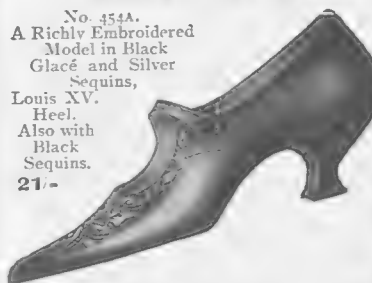
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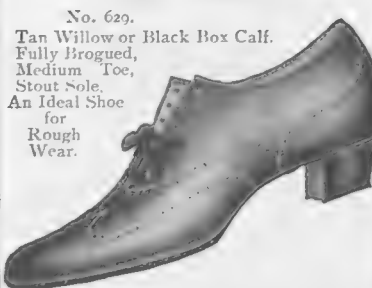
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A Report made at the Annual Meeting of the British Medical Association in Birmingham (July, 1911) revealed some remarkable results of physiological experiments showing the body-building power of Bovril.

These experiments were carried out on human beings by Independent Scientific Authorities. They confirmed the striking results of the Feeding Experiments conducted last year on animals, which proved that the body-building power of Bovril was from

10 to 20 times the amount taken

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2. The peculiar power of Bovril in enabling the system to extract greater nutriment from ordinary foods.
3. That these two properties together give Bovril a body-building power of from 10 to 20 times the amount taken. (See diagram.)

That is to say, Bovril is not only a great body-builder in itself, but it also enables other foods to feed the body more; so that the amount of good that Bovril does is out of all proportion to the amount of Bovril taken. This important fact explains the value of Bovril in bringing up the defensive forces of the body to their highest power, and in protecting the system against the dangers of winter.

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In the above diagram the long block represents the body-building power derived from the amount of Bovril represented by the small block.



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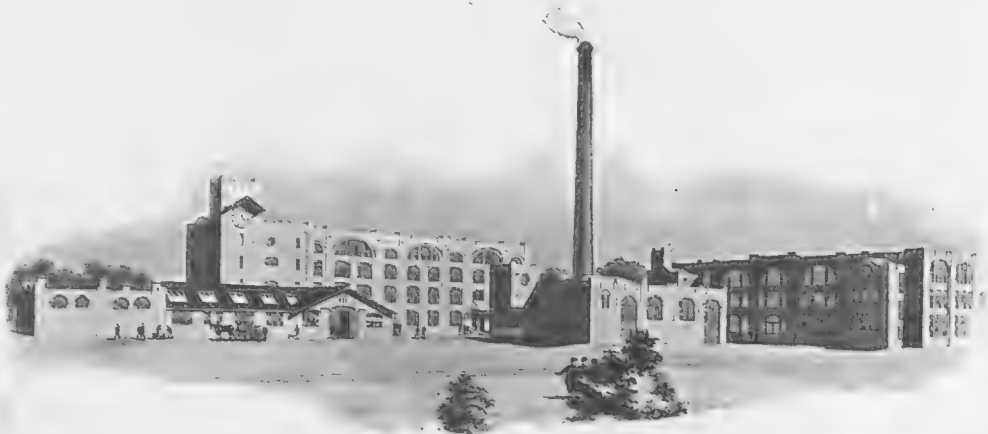
GENERAL NOTES.

Kenmare Memories. The marriage of a daughter of the house of much royal present-making. For the bride's grandfather, the late Earl, served as Lord Chamberlain to Queen Victoria, and was, moreover, her host at Killarney. The possessor of a place of renowned beauty has to put up with kicks as well as halfpence; and the great trouble may be that the halfpence themselves run short. The common saying is that the late very hospitable Earl ruined himself in entertaining his Sovereign and his friends; and partly, perhaps, in recognition of this legend, succeeding generations of royalties have had a more than common kindness for this particular family of Brownes. Indeed, the late Earl's appointment as Lord Chamberlain was said to be in part Queen Victoria's plan of indemnification; and it was accounted by some to be a rather bold move, the office never before having been held by a Roman Catholic. Then the strange thing happened. It was by his own people that the Lord Chamberlain was taken to task. This was for licensing "La Dame aux Camélias," when Mme. Sarah Bernhardt first appeared in it. On that occasion only did Cardinal Manning figure as a dramatic critic, and in denunciation of a play he was candidly able to boast that he had never seen.

Not Always Master of Elibank. The circle of Lord Elibank's relatives is about to be enlarged. It promises to go spreading into Lithuania, for his niece, Baroness Florence von Keudell, instead of recapturing an English name and home by

marriage with an Englishman, is just engaged to Baron Fritz von Offenbergh, a citizen of one of the remoter corners of Europe. The lady, who has lived partly at Bordighera, and stayed often in England, will, everyone hopes, not seldom seek her native place, generally supposed by foreigners to be the Banks of Ely river. "Le Maître de la Banque d'Ely" was the title given her cousin, the Master of Elibank, not long ago by a Netherlands paper; and even in England the name, with the help of a scrawling signature, is one of mystery. One Baron of the line, who wrote a letter to the Press, found his excellent remarks printed over the name Eli Banks.

It is an interesting fact to note that, of the hundreds of different makes of pianos, only three are of sufficient international reputation to require manufacturing facilities in both the Eastern and Western hemispheres. The Weber piano can claim to be the only one made both in America and England. An extensive factory has been built by the Orchestrelle Company for that purpose at Hayes, in Middlesex. Nearly sixty years ago Albert Weber introduced the piano which bears his name. When the Orchestrelle Company and its associated houses in America, the Continent, and the Colonies decided to enter the piano business, it adopted the Weber as the instrument that best met all the requirements of the musical expert. Paderewski chose the Weber piano for his last tour in America, as did Rosenthal—remarkable testimony to the qualities of this piano. Some pianos are noted more for brilliancy of tone than for richness and mellowness; but in the Weber the happy combination of these qualities, together with its wonderful carrying power, make it an ideal instrument for the discriminating piano-buyer.



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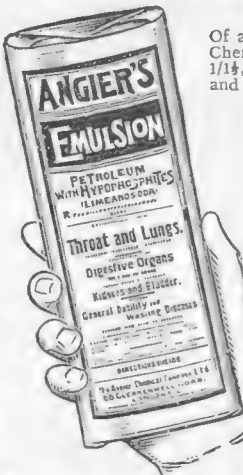
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THE WHEEL AND THE WING.

Michelin Aviation Prizes.

No firm connected with either the motor or the aviation industry has shown more solid interest in the progress of aviation than Messrs. Michelin and Co., the great pneumatic tyre makers of Clermont-Ferrand, in France, and this country. The brothers Michelin, André and Edouard, are enthusiastic believers in the future of the aeroplane; and they have already backed their faith to the extent of no less a sum than £20,700 as aviation prizes. In the case of the British Empire Michelin Cup, this contest remains open for five years—that is, until Oct. 15, 1913—and carries with it the replica of a handsome trophy and £500 in cash. Mr. J. T. C. Moore-Brabazon and Mr. S. F. Cody have held it up to the present. The International Michelin Cup is open for eight years—from 1908 to 1915—and means a replica of a splendid trophy and £800 in cash. It has already been won by Wilbur Wright in the year of its establishment, in 1909 by Henry Farman, in 1910 by M. Tabuteau, and, in this year of grace, by M. Helen with a total distance of 780 miles. Wilbur Wright's initial effort was 77 miles. Then the Grand Prix Michelin was offered for a flight from Paris to the Puy de Dôme, a mountain in the Auvergne, which overlooks the Michelin Works. At the time this was thought a very safe offer, but it has been secured this year by M. Renaux. The British Empire Michelin Cup (No. 2) is for British aviators on British machines, and £1800 may be won in three years—£400 the first year, £600 the second year, and

£800 the third year. Mr. S. F. Cody has already scored 134 miles for the first award. Last, there is the Michelin Aero Target Competition, in connection with which Messrs. Michelin have placed no less than £6000 at the disposal of the French Aero Club. Projectile-dropping from various heights and within various areas is the subject of competition.

Michelin Exhibits. Time at the stand which Bibendum has set up at Olympia will be well spent, for there may be examined with profit the Michelin Square-Tread Covers, which are moulded in one piece, and so constructed that incisions have

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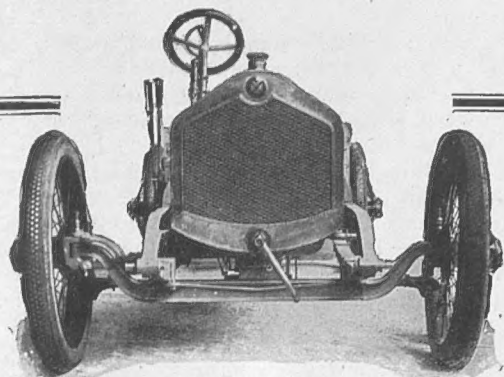
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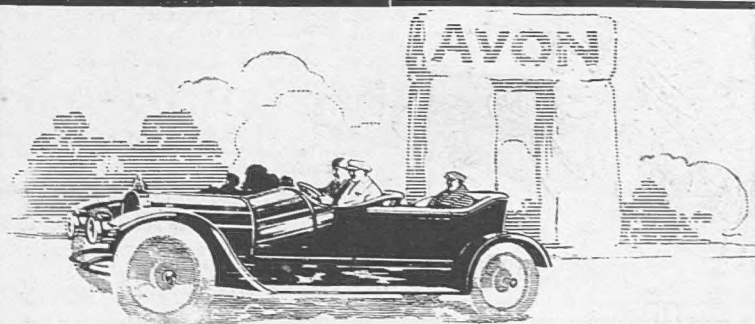
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"Always bending toward their project."

Shakespeare—Tempest IV, i.

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charged with stimulating flavour to be outside life. Austin and Celia's love-affair, with its caprices and enthusiasms, is told with much rueful humour by "the only grown-up bachelor who had the privilege of their intimate friendship." The tangled situations which they presented for his unravelling, and the kindly abuse he called down upon himself for his devoted service, must have often, one thinks, compelled from him that cynical prayer of "Save me from my friends." But, after the worst of experiences, he was still able to reflect that "people who are simple, spontaneous, impulsive, affectionate—in a word, human—are not so easy to find." And these two made it well worth while until marriage, his own marriage, broke the bonds that sometimes assumed the aspect of tyranny. In any case, he has to thank his Austin and Celia—*enfants terribles* both—for a collection of most entertaining episodes as one of their family.

"God and the King."

BY MARJORIE BOWEN.
(Methuen.)

"Come," smiled the Earl of Sunderland whimsically on the sentry, "whom do you serve?" "God and the King, your honour." "Ah, very well," answered the Earl slowly, "so do we all—it is merely a question of which God and which King." There is, at least, no need to ask it of Miss Bowen, who now completes the trilogy of her hero, William of Orange. Charles Stuart becomes a mere wanton in her pages, James a fanatical bigot; the Roman Church a stealthy tyranny, and Puritanism a picturesque affair of whitewashed meeting-houses and simple faith. Only on such bold lines can historical romance become stirring and spirited, and Miss Bowen's books are both; while she understands the art of individualising great figures by some slight detail, such as the white rose with which Sunderland toyed as he deceived James beside the cabinet of Chinese lacquer, or the touch of sunlight that shook a red light from the garnets at Basilea's wrist. This last of the series carries William to the English throne, witnesses the Queen's death at Kensington, William's unrestrained passion of sorrow thereat, and, finally, his own death at Hampton Court. Many familiar figures crowd Miss Bowen's canvas, including Mathew Prior, who rose from his burning of straw Popes and parodies of Dryden to be Secretary to the English Embassy at the Hague.

THE NILE VALLEY GOLD MINING COMPANY.

At a large meeting of the shareholders of the Nile Valley Gold Mining Company, held recently at Salisbury House, London Wall, specimens of ore from the Company's newly discovered reef were exhibited, and the consulting engineer explained the prospects of the mine from the new working. The discovery, he said, was made some little distance from the old mine, and they had apparently struck an entirely new, rich chute of gold. So far the new shaft had been sunk to a depth of about 100 feet, and adits had been made in the hill-side to open up the lode. From a similar chute found in the old mine, the engineer pointed out, they had extracted £40,000 worth of gold from 500 tons of ore; and if they should find 1000 tons of the new rich ore, they would get enough gold to repay to the shareholders the whole of the money they had invested in the Company. The lode was about 22 inches wide, and had every appearance of continuing to a greater depth. Referring to the samples of ore exhibited, he said that a great many of them were very rich—in fact, he thought that, roughly speaking, there was lying on the table something between £700 and £1000 worth of gold. Replying to questions, the engineer said that the shaft of the old mine was about 420 feet deep, and the lode at the bottom was worth about 16 or 17 dwt. to the ton. The expenses of working had in the past been very heavy, but under the present management they had been reduced enormously, and the manager considered that all ore which yielded over 7 dwt. of gold to the ton must produce a profit.

In a chalet on the shores of Lake Geneva, Paderewski recently had a number of gramophone records taken of his playing, the first time that he has consented to do so. In thus showing his confidence in the Gramophone Company's records and instruments, he has followed the lead of such singers as Melba, Caruso, Tetrassini, Clara Butt, Kirkby Lunn, McCormack, and Sammarco, all of whom entrust the reproduction of their voices only to the Gramophone Company. The Paderewski records are all on twelve-inch discs, and the price is 12s. 6d. each. They comprise Chopin's Nocturne (Op. 15-2), Valse in C Sharp Minor (Op. 64-2), Valse (Op. 34-1), and Polonaise (Op. 40-1); Paderewski's own Minuet in G Major, and "Hark! hark! the Lark" (Serenade) by Schubert.

We regret to find that, under the portrait of Miss Marie Tempest on the front page of our last issue, we stated, by a slip of the pen, that Mr. Arnold Bennett's play, "The Honeymoon," in which she is taking the leading part, was running at the Comedy Theatre. We should, of course, have said the Royalty Theatre, where both play and heroine are achieving a notable success.



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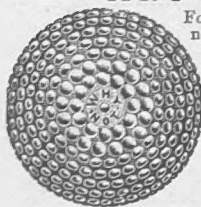
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